No. 305 (New Series), Vol. 6. January 22. 1938

The PASSING SHOW

2D.

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by Patrick GREENE

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LAST CHANCE

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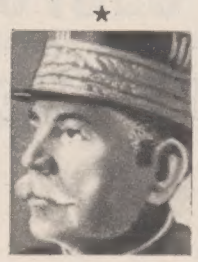

JOFFRE. "Miscalculations at Verdun."

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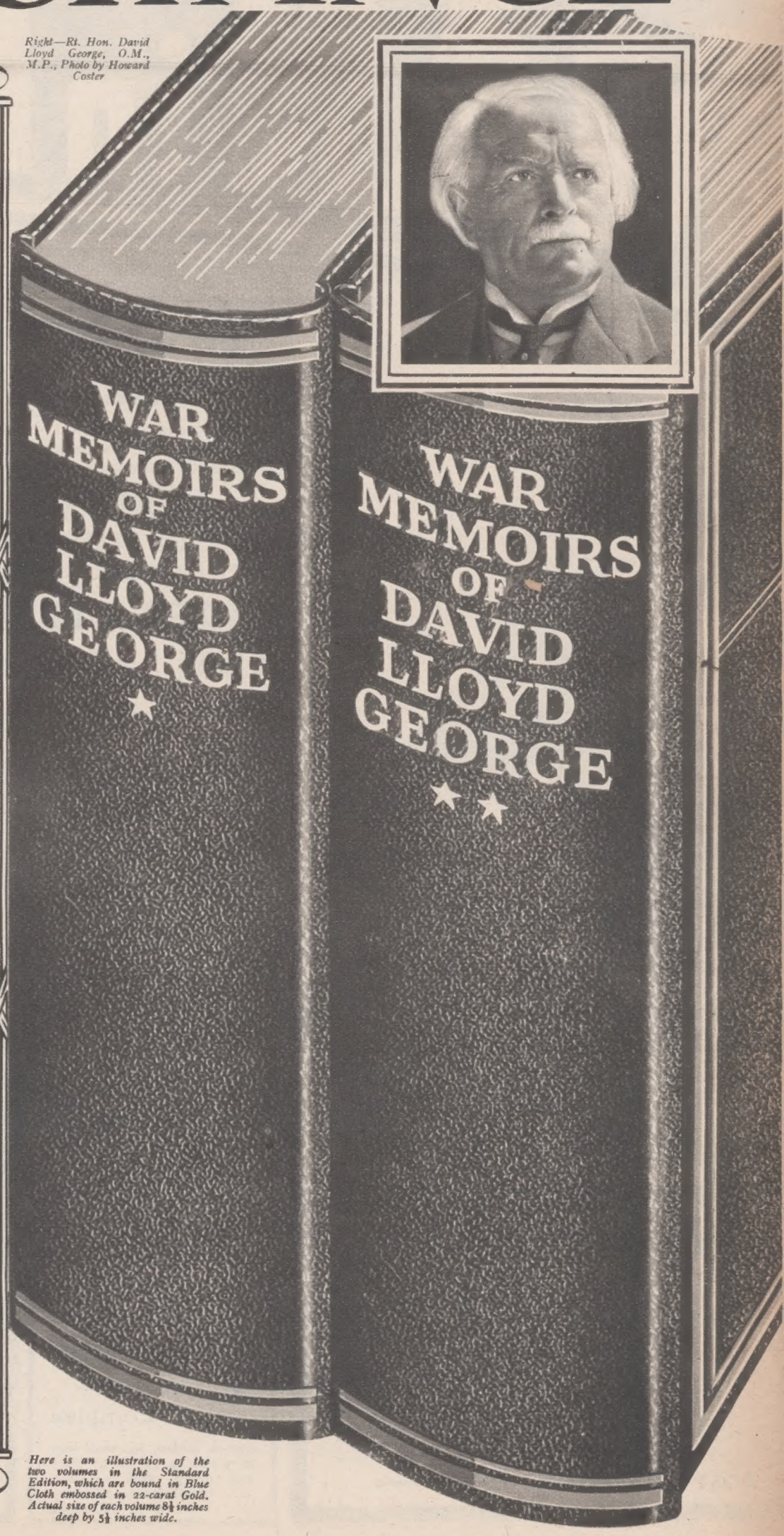
KAISER. "Believed war to be sport of kings."

Right—Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., Photo by Howard Coster



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The PASSING SHOW
NO. 305 Vol. 6 JANUARY 22, 1938

"Here, you, wake up!" he said irritably, and kicked the shepherd in the ribs

The stranger in their midst was startled by the deep friendliness and understanding of their expressions. He had won the day by forgetting his fight

SERVICE ENFORCED

BY L. PATRICK GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

EVER since the death of the old Squire there had been an atmosphere of excitement in the village of Steynlea and in the near by hamlets, which were hidden—and almost forgotten—in the folds of the Sussex Downs. There was a fearful uneasiness, too, for the squire had left no heir and there was every prospect of the big estate being cut up into parcels and sold to speculative builders, who would create bungalow monstrosities to deface the rolling gentleness of the hills; bringing a foreign people—infected by the rushing germ of city life—to disturb the placidity of the people whose heritage *was* the Downs.

The fear went deeper than that; if the estate were broken up, the people who for generations had looked to it for their livelihood, as if it existed solely for their benefit, would suddenly find the competition of life very hard.

The excitement increased when it was known that a wealthy ironmaster from the north had purchased the property and intended to take up residence at the hall. And later, Mr. Kenyon, the agent, notified everyone that there would be no changes "other than those dictated by the requirements of efficiency."

That finally defeated the gnawing ache of fear, though a few of the older hands were somewhat disturbed as to what exactly was meant by "requirements of efficiency."

They learnt a few days later when they were interviewed, one at a time, by their new employer. He was a burly, thickset man with a shock of sandy hair. His grey eyes had glints of steel in them; his voice was hard and domineering and his north country accent sounded queerly foreign to the soft-speaking southerners. He sat at a big desk in the "study"—which he had transformed into a coldly efficient office, killing the personal friendliness which age and tradition had given it. Behind him stood Kenyon, the grey-haired agent who had managed the estate for the last thirty years of the old squire's lifetime. But now he did no more than the "flunkey" act of ushering each man into and out of the "presence." Gradely never appealed to him. All his life William Gradely had managed men and had been the real directing head of a tremendous business; the limits of the world had marked his field of endeavour. It was not to be supposed that he would need help in the efficient managing of this estate and the men employed on it.

He shrewdly questioned each man about the nature of his work, his hours of employment, his weekly wage, whether he were married and, if so, the size of his family. An angular, spinsterish-looking secretary neatly tabulated the replies on a filing card.

Some of the men were notified that more work would be expected of them in the future; the wages of one or two were reduced; of others, raised; one or two were dismissed; one or two were pensioned off at their full weekly wage.

At last William Gradely said, referring to the list the agent had prepared for him:

"There seems to be one man who has failed to report, Kenyon."

"Yes. That would be old 'Smock' Lane. He is a shepherd and rather a famous character. He has served the estate for nearly sixty years and——"

"If he expects to serve it any longer," William Gradely interrupted, coldly, "he'd better obey instructions."

"I were only talkin' to him this mornin', sur," put in George Anders, the last man to be interviewed and who had not yet been dismissed from the study. "'Suppose I'll see 'ee at the Hall this arternoon, Smock?' I says. 'That 'ee wun't then,' 'e said. 'I bain't goin' to leave my sheepses to go to no interview. If so be the new squire wants to talk wi' me, he'll have to wait 'till I've folded my sheep.'"

William Gradely's eyes gleamed with approval.

"Make a note to double Lane's wages," he said to his secretary. "Where will I be likely to find him now, Kenyon?"

Kenyon told him, adding:

"I'd better come along with you, sir. He won't be easy to find——"

William Gradely laughed.

"Not find a man with a flock of sheep!" he scoffed. "Nonsense, man. I'll take my granddaughter with me. Half an hour's walk—you said half an hour?—over the Downs will do us both good."

Two hours later William Gradely came to a halt on the top of a Down and looked furtively at the straight-limbed, sun-tanned girl who stood beside him. Then he looked away quickly and cleared his throat—and, he hoped, his embarrassment—with a dry cough. But the child had marked the look and correctly interpreted the cough.

"You're lost, Gramp," she accused.

"Nonsense, Jane," he replied, testily.

"Well, we've been walking for over two hours and we haven't found the man we came to look for. Perhaps *he's* lost. Why do you want to see him?"

(*please turn over*)

Continuing Service Enforced

by L. Patrick Greene

"He's the best man on the estate, Jane. He's the only one with gumption to stick to his job instead of putting on his best clothes and coming to be interviewed."

He always talked to his granddaughter as if she were his equal. It had not made her unduly precocious, neither did she ever seek to take advantage of the fact that he was, so obviously, her devoted slave.

"Maybe he was too lazy to come to the Hall," she said. "But, as a matter of fact, I don't think he exists."

"I'm beginning to think that way, too," William Gradely admitted.

He looked back the way they had come. They had climbed steadily—a long, easy climb, skirting deep hollows—but now they seemed to be standing on the top of the world. Tiny hamlets dotted the velvety green landscape, each seeming to hide shyly amongst a feathery cluster of trees. Beyond was the lazy sea, edged with foaming white lace where gentle waves tumbled and broke on a gently shelving shore.

Skylarks made a concert stage of the blue sky overhead, but Gradely saw nothing that moved save the swift rushing shadows of inland roving gulls. There were bees, busy amongst the clover, but they were only heard; their busy drone pulsated through the air, sounding like a subterranean dynamo from which flowed the world's life force.

Somewhere a dog yapped shrilly.

"Come along, Gramp," the girl cried, happily. "That must be the shepherd's dog. He can't be far off."

"Which way was it?"

They stared at each other, both at a loss. Then the dog barked again. This time they marked its direction. It seemed to come from beneath them, yet the gentle slope of the hill seemed unbroken.

"It's probably caught down a rabbit burrow hidden in that clump of gorse," William Gradely decided. "We'd best go and see, lass."

They went slowly down the hill, for the grass was short, the foothold treacherous. When they came to the gorse patch they found a well-worn path leading through it. Following this, they presently discovered that it led into a deep gully which, narrow at the top, gradually widened into a little valley sheltered by two swelling shoulders of the Downs. It seemed incredible to Gradely that he had not noticed this valley before. And in the valley a flock of sheep grazed.

"It's almost like magic," the girl said, softly. "Do you really think they've been here all the time?"

"I'm beginning to have my doubts," Gradely said grimly, his eyes focussed on the man who sprawled at ease about fifty yards down the hill. His battered age-greened felt hat was tipped over his face, shading his eyes; the smock he wore was reduced by age and service to the colour of the turf surrounding him.

William Gradely's anger rose. So this was the man whose efficiency he had praised, whose wages he had intended to double? Fast asleep on a hillside while his sheep were left to their own devices!

"Come on, Jane," he said.

Unfortunately for his dignity, he lost his foothold and falling—not too gently, nor yet hard enough to cause him any real discomfort—he slithered down the hill, coming to rest beside the shepherd.

"Ar!" Smock Lane said, taking off his hat and turning his head to regard Gradely with his faded blue eyes. "It's a bit early for tobogganin', master, bain't it? Most folk wait till there's a bit o' snow. You'll find a steeper bit over yonder; an' if you see my dog afore 'e see you—which bain't likely—don't 'ee take any notice on him an' 'e won't o' you as long as you keep away from my sheepses."

For once in his life William Gradely was shocked into speechlessness. Smock Lane's calculated impudence—Gradely was sure that it was impudence and calculated—had left Gradely even more breathless than his fall and slide.

"Here, you. Wake up!" he said, irritably, and he prodded the shepherd in the ribs with the toe of his boot.

There was a low menacing growl and a gaunt, mongrel of a dog rushed swiftly up the hill.

"Down, Young Tom," Smock Lane said as he sat up and placed his hat with some care on top of his shining, bald head. The dog crouched obediently, its eyes fixed unwaveringly on Gradely.

"I ought to ha' warned 'ee about Young Tom," he said. "Seems as iffen 'ee don't care for folkses what come kickin' me in the ribs, pesterin' me when I want to sleep."

"He's a vicious brute and ought to be destroyed," Gradely stormed, and he knew he was being unjust.

"Surely now, you don't mean that, master," Smock Lane protested, mildly. "But I tell 'ee straight, I wouldn't put Young Tom away—no, not even if the old squire hisself were to come back an' ask me to."

"Suppose the new squire," Gradely began, feeling a little ashamed of his outburst.

"Oh, him! 'E bain't really a squire yet. Mebbe he never will be. It depends."

"On what?" Gradely asked, sharply.

"On a mort o' things. Mebbe he'll be like a chap wot bought a big estate Chichester way. Generous weren't the name for it. Alus doin' somethin' for his 'people' 'e were. Diggin' his left hand deep in his pocket fer money an' givin' it away wi' his right—if you understand me."

"No. I can't say that I do."

"Oh! I do, Gramp," Jane Gradely exclaimed. "He means this man wanted to make sure his right hand would know what his left was doing."

"That's right, missy," Smock Lane chuckled. "An' when folkses saw that he counted his thanks by the number o' times they touched their hats or dropped him a curtsey, that's all the thanks 'e ever got."

"How else *could* they have thanked him?" the girl asked.

Smock Lane pulled thoughtfully at the fringe of grey whiskers which framed his face.

"In a mort o' ways, missy. They could ha' *served* him if he'd been a proper squire. An' he wasn't—else he'd ha' served them."

"If you ask me, he probably served them too well," Gradely exclaimed, indignantly.

"No," Smock Lane said. "The service I mean bain't a matter o' givin' *things*, master."

"I promise you the new chap at the Hall won't make the mistake of giving things," Gradely said grimly. "Come along, Jane."

And he strode off without replying to the old shepherd's courteous "Good day to 'ee, master."

Jane smiled, and when his eyes twinkled in friendly humour, her smile broadened to a happy grin. She knew she had made a friend and, waving a good-bye, she ran after her grandfather.

"You're not to do any of the things you're thinking of doing, Gramp," she said, decisively.

"Such as?" he said, looking down at her quizzically.

"Doubling the shepherd's wages."

"Humph! I won't. But why not?"

She shook her head.

"I can't explain. But I'm sure he wouldn't like it. It's the sort of thing that horrid Chichester man would do. I think Smock Lane would rather be sacked than treated that way."

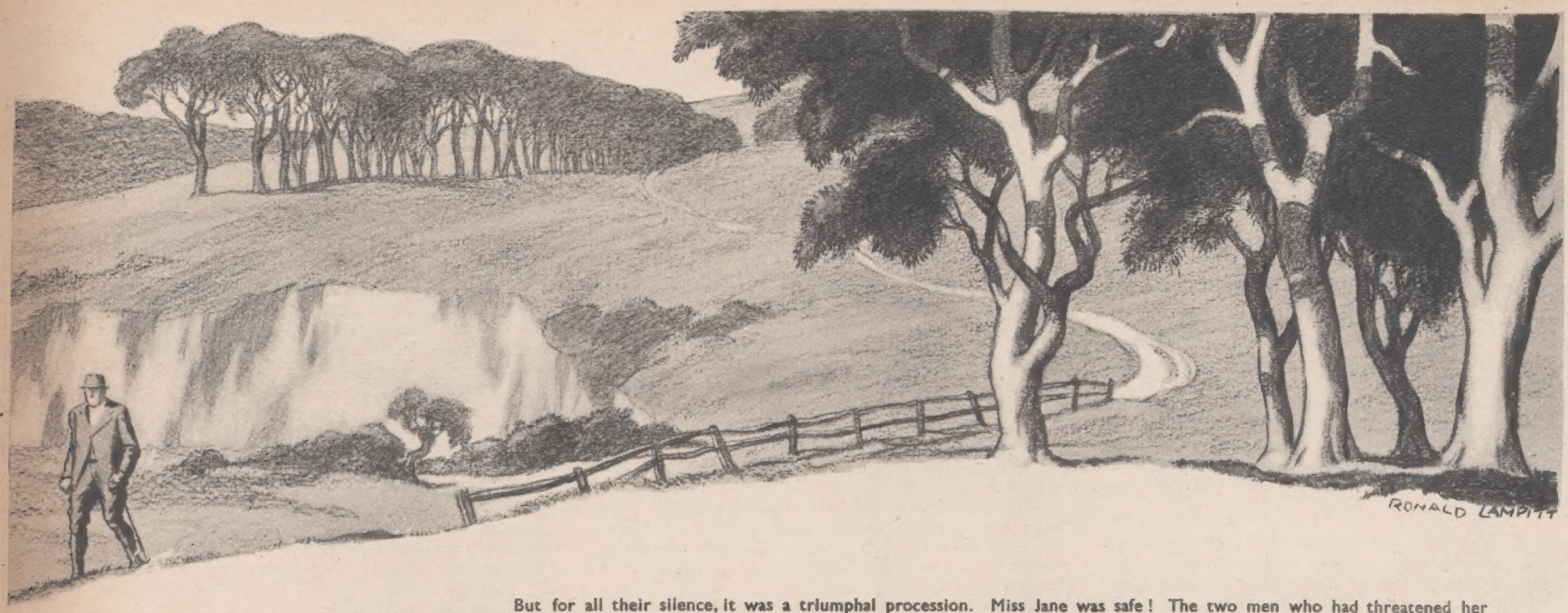
"Then it will be easy to please him, Jane," Gradely said. "For sacked he is, the lazy, impertinent——"

"No!" she cried, sharply. "I'm sorry, Gramp. But please, no. You mustn't sack him. He wasn't really impertinent and I'm sure he isn't lazy. I don't think he was really asleep, and if he was—the dog was watching the sheep for him."

"An ill-conditioned, vicious mongrel," Gradely snapped.

"Yes. Wasn't he," Jane said demurely. "And I'm sure he'd go for anyone who really hurt his master or the sheep."

She looked back. Smock Lane had risen to his feet and, crooked stick in hand, was slowly making his way down the hill. Distance softened his out-



But for all their silence, it was a triumphal procession. Miss Jane was safe! The two men who had threatened her would meet their just deserts and old Smock Lane—"he was tough," they assured each other—would recover

lines. A gentle breeze fluttered his smock and, billowing it, made him look much bigger than he actually was.

"And even if he is all the things you say," she continued, breathlessly, "you still mustn't sack him. You can't. Don't you see; he's part of the landscape!"

"A blot on it, more like," William Gradely said. But his eyes softened. "All right, Jane. You win."

And that afternoon he took Tom—"Smock"—Lane's card from the filing cabinet and in the space headed "Occupation" he crossed out the word "Shepherd" and substituted "Landscape, part of!" And as he wrote, he wondered why he had not said to the old man any of the things his anger had prompted him to say.

Smock Lane folded his sheep earlier than usual that evening, and after he had eaten and tidied up himself and his tiny cottage, he made his way across the Downs to the Royal Oak. He followed a path which was probably first trodden by uncouth, skin-clothed men whose only weapons against marauding wolves were pieces of jagged flint; certainly the "gentlemen" had ridden along it with the Preventive men hard at their heels. It was a cunning path. It kept near to the crest of the Downs, but never so close to the top that a man's head appeared above the sky-line. Its meanderings seemed purposeless to a casual eye, but every dip and rise, every sweeping detour led to some natural cover where a man could hide if the occasion demanded it. Not that Smock now wished to avoid observation, but it was second nature for him to move silently, almost mysteriously, about the Downs which he knew better than any living man.

He came at last to a metalled road and, walking on the grass verge—"for such roads be bad for the feet o' man and beast"—he soon reached the Royal Oak which was situated at the crossroads.

The tap room was filled with men who worked on the estate, but he found a place for himself on a bench so quietly that none seemed to mark his presence. As he drank his beer and puffed contentedly at his sweet-smelling briar, he seemed to be unconscious of the noise and turmoil about him, but he listened intently to the discussions and his eyes roved shrewdly from face to face, matching a man's statement with his expression and correctly gauging the sincerity of his words.

There was only one subject of conversation in the tap-room that night and William Gradely might have found it instructive, could he have heard the comments on himself and his businesslike efficiency. They were shrewd, caustic—sometimes bitterly so—and leavened with earthy similes and good, earthy profanities.

Several of the men were flushed with excitement over an increase in wages. One or two, torn between joy at being in receipt of a comfortable pension and sorrow at the thought that their years of usefulness had come to an end, were completely bemused. And there was one little knot of men who sat apart in a sort of alcove formed by two high-backed benches. Their voices were sharpened by anger as they cursed the man who had reduced their wages or—worse still—had incontinently discharged them. Their leader was a powerful-looking brute of a man, with a sullen, hang-dog expression.

"Fred Pope never did do a honest day's work," Smock Lane inwardly commented. "A drunken, wife-beatin' ne'er-do-well—that's what he is."

He looked up with a start as John Anders slid on to the bench beside him.

"I reckon you owe me a pint o' old, Smock," Anders said.

"Ar? An' how do 'ee make that out?"

"W'y, on account o' me puttin' you into the way o' gettin' your wages doubled."

"Iffen they be, I'll buy 'e a pint an' welcome," Smock said slowly. "But you'm over-fanciful."

"Fanciful I may be. But it's true what I said. Old Gradely were uncommon put out 'cause you 'adn't gone to be 'viewed. So I up an' told him what you'd told me this very mornin'."

"That were uncommon kind o' 'ee, Garge," Smock said, drily.

"As it turned out, it were that. Gradely were as pleased as punch an' 'e said 'e'd double your wages. An' 'e took you at your word, Smock. 'E went out to 'ave a talk wi' you—but whether he found you or not—I dunno."

"'E did. Him an' his granddarter. But 'e didn't say nought about my wages." Smock chuckled, "Come to think on it, I didn't gi' him much o' a chance to say anything. An' as for doubling my wages—I'm fully expectin' to get the sack."

"Not you, Smock," Anders exclaimed. "Why, there bain't a man on the Downs wot knows sheepses like you do. He'll give you a pension, more like, you havin' served the estate I dunno how many years."

"Fifty-seven year, man and boy," Smock said, placidly. "I started work when I were a nipper o' eight. But there it be. Gradely caught me fast asleep—so 'e thought. An' young Tom went for 'im an' I spoke a bit free an' easy."

Anders laughed.

"You'm a fair knock-out, Smock. But, at that, you'm old enough to know better than act foolish wi' your bread an' butter."

"Mebbe. Well, it bain't no use cryin' afore the milk's spilt—or arterwards. I bain't sacked yet, an' if I be—I wun't be j'inin' wi' them chaps."

He jerked the stem of his pipe in the direction of the malcontents in the alcove.

Anders sniffed.

"Nobody's got much sympathy wi' them. If you ask me, Gradely gave 'em their proper come-uppance—specially Fred Pope. 'E's been carryin' on summat wicked to 'ear. Talked about shootin' Gradely."

"Big mouth, small doings," Smock observed scornfully.

"Ar! But I don't know so much. If 'e had the drink in him, an' somebody egged him on, like, at the right time, I wouldn't put murder beyond Fred Pope. But what did *'ee* make o' Gradely, Smock?"

"His granddarter is a good-sensed young 'un," Smock said, evasively. "She belongs, like. As for Gradely—I can feel a sheep's back an' tell 'ee—as you do know—what it'll weigh to the butcher an' the worth o' its wool, as near as no matter. But Gradely bain't a sheep. Mebbe he'll rib up better than appears at first seeing. But he'll find the Downs a bit slippy, like, at first, I'm thinkin'."

And Smock Lane laughed at a sudden memory.

During the weeks which followed, William Gradely made many mistakes—but never the same mistake twice—and he was quick to learn that factory methods could not be applied to the running of a large estate. He realised, too, that the proper management of his property called for much varied, specialised knowledge, and he wisely relied more and more upon Kenyon. He was, however, far from content; he realised that the Down people regarded him as on probation. Whenever they met him they looked at him in a sleepy, questioning way. Somehow, he knew that if he could answer that look in the right way, it would not matter how many mistakes he made.

Jane, too, had been faced at first by that same questioning look, but her period of probation had been very short and she was quickly a great favourite with all.

Nearly every day she made her way across the Downs for a talk with Smock Lane. Sometimes she took a basket Cook had packed for her and they feasted regally. Sometimes she shared old Smock's frugal meal. While they ate, Smock told her stories of the Downs and the people inhabiting them. He spoke of the Downs as something which lived and felt.

One day Smock Lane said:

"I'll be workin' my sheepses a good way from here for a bit, Missy, startin' to-morrow. So you'm best not come out lookin' for me."

She nodded. She guessed there was some reason other than distance why he did not want to see her.

"I'm going back to school next week," she said.

"Ar! That's good!" he exclaimed. "Mebbe come next holidays——"

"I believe you'll be glad to see the back of me, Smock," she said.

"As in a manner o' speakin' I will be," he agreed. And then he launched into a story of the Downs. . . .

That same morning William Gradely spoke to Kenyon about his granddaughter's friendship for the old shepherd.

"I suppose it's quite safe for Jane to spend so much time with this Smock Lane?"

"Safe? Of course she's safe with old Smock," Kenyon exclaimed, indignantly. "I'd trust Smock with my soul. He won't let harm of any sort come near Jane while he's a breath left in his body. But—" he hesitated, then continued—"I do think it 'ud be wiser to keep Jane from wandering about

(*please turn over*)

Continuing Service Enforced

by L. Patrick Greene

alone. I don't think there's anything at the back of Pope's wild talk—but it's best not to take risks."

Gradely nodded.

"I had a letter from another rat this morning," he said. "We breed 'em up north, too." He took a dirty piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Kenyon. On it was printed :

"I'm out of jail, Gradely, and on my way to make you pay for five years hard. Joe Barnes."

"Have you notified the police, sir?" Kenyon asked as he returned the note.

"Yes. *And* I'm carrying an automatic. Joe Barnes is a rat—a degenerate rat. And about Jane —I'll act on your advice, but not because of this chap or Pope. I can handle them. But I'm not so sure of Smock Lane as you seem to be. Anyway, I'm going to stop Jane's friendship with him. At the best he's a garrulous, impertinent old fool. At the worst, he's——" Gradely broke off suddenly, looked at his watch then said decisively, "And I'm going for Jane now."

At this time Joe Barnes and Fred Pope were sitting on a fence which bordered a small copse. They had met in the tap-room of the Royal Oak and, as malcontents will, had found some satisfaction in listening to a recital of their respective grievances against William Gradely. A mutual object of hate had cemented an instant understanding between them and had strengthened their determination to be revenged.

They had been drinking heavily, at Joe Barnes' expense, until the burly landlord had been forced to eject them. And now, with none to hear and check them, they continued their fulminations; curses and vicious threats oozed from their lips in an endless, senseless stream.

The first stage of drunken elation had worn off. Laughter no longer made of their threats foolish boasts; they no longer applauded each other's efforts. Sullen moroseness replaced all that and their faces were devoid of all emotion save that of evil. Their eyes were dull; only their lips moved and the words they uttered seemed to come from the demons possessing them.

Barnes was undersized—physically and mentally. His black hair grew low down on his forehead; his pointed chin sloped sharply backward and his long, thin nose seemed to overhang his unusually small mouth. He said presently, cutting short Pope's string of curses :

"What's the use of talkin'? You ain't got the guts to do anything."

Pope turned on him wrathfully.

"W'y, you little louse o' a man ! For two pins I'd do you in now an' then go an' pay off Gradely."

"That's the way to talk, mate," Barnes said, fawningly. "Only not about me—I'm your mate, don't forget. But listen to me : I've been thinkin' things over. We've got to use brains. Now what can we do to hurt Gradely? Suppose we beat him up? Suppose we kill him? That ain't enough. He'll get over the beatin' an' we'll 'ang for the murder."

"I'd swing for 'im wi' pleasure," Pope growled.

"Aye, lad. So would I. But killing's too good for Gradely. Five years 'ard I served 'cause o' the evidence he give. I want to see him serve that long —aye, an' longer. That's better than killing him, ain't it?"

Pope blinked stupidly.

"Ar," he said. "You know summat 'e's done wot we can split to the police about?"

Barnes shook his head.

"No, lad. That's not what I meant. I was thinking' o' gettin' him through that granddaughter of his. Now listen."

And he swiftly outlined his plan, gloating over details, exulting in his evil.

At first Pope objected in horrified tones, but gradually Barnes, by stressing the revenge motif, wore down his objections.

"You'm got the right on it, lad," Pope exclaimed at last. "That'll hurt him more'n anything. Come on."

He got down from the stile. His hairy hand on Barnes' coat collar forced that man to descend, too.

"Here. What's your hurry, mate?" Barnes asked.

"We're goin' to do it now," Pope said, thickly. "I know where the maid is—Ar ! An' wi' no one but old Smock Lane wi'in miles of her. Come on."

He set off along a path leading to the Downs. His hand still clutched the other's collar and Barnes was forced to break into a jog-trot in order to keep up with Pope's long, raking strides.

There was a glaring light of drunken madness in the big man's eyes and, once the first fear had gone from them, in Barnes' red-rimmed eyes was a look which was utterly bestial.

William Gradely enjoyed his walk across the Downs to the fold where, Kenyon told him, he would be sure to find Smock Lane. A heat haze blurred the outlines of the hills and tree-crowned Chanctonbury looked, he thought, like a crinoline-skirted old lady. His pace slowed, his mind became completely at ease and the doubts he had had about Smock Lane disappeared. He was ashamed that they had ever been. He was almost of a mind to return to the Hall, but he was too indolent at the moment to make any definite decision.

"The Downs are getting me," he chuckled. "Jane said they would."

When he came to the fold between the hills and where he expected to find Jane and Smock Lane, his fears returned with a renewed force. The sheep were there, but there was no sign of Jane or of the shepherd.

He called, listened, called again. An echo brought his voice back to him; it sounded as helplessly futile as the sheeps' bleating.

His eyes lifted to the very top of the steep Down and he gasped with relief when he saw Jane making her way homewards—taking the longer way, as Jane would. But where was Smock Lane? Gradely had already discovered the old man's worth as a shepherd, and it was not like him to leave his sheep unattended—not even leaving Young Tom to guard them. And then Gradely gasped again : this time with anger.

He saw Smock Lane, Young Tom tagging close at his heels, following Jane. The old man was taking a course a little lower than Jane's and it was evident to Gradely that he was taking care that Jane should not suspect his presence. There was something suspiciously furtive, Gradely thought, about his movements. Occasionally man and dog disappeared from view as the old shepherd hid in some cover the apparently bare hillside afforded.

Fear speeded Gradely's feet as he climbed the long, steep hill, taking a diagonal course which would, he hoped, cut across that the two above him were following. But in this he was at fault, for after a little while he came to a deep gully and was forced to retrace his steps a considerable distance. Consequently, when he reached the top of the Down Jane had nearly reached a small copse, and Smock Lane was nowhere to be seen.

Breaking into a laboured run, Gradely hurried after his granddaughter.

As Jane passed into the shadow of the copse, as she opened the gate and passed out of sight along a "ride" which led in the direction of the Hall, Smock Lane broke from cover, shouting and waving his crook. He, too, passed into the shadow of the copse, and Gradely, revolver in hand, his face strained and desperate, increased his speed, passed through the gate and hurried along the ride.

A few moments later he came in sight of a tableau which checked him.

Jane was standing with her back to a tree. Before her, wielding his crook as if he were engaged in single-stick play, was Smock Lane. His hat was off and blood from an ugly scalp wound painted his bald head and ran down his face. It was obvious that only his indomitable courage kept him on his feet. Fred Pope—huge, atavistic—crouched before him, parrying his blows with a stout blackthorn and creeping gradually closer. Supine on the ground, cursing, striking blindly with his right fist in which a red-stained knife gleamed, was the man Barnes. Young Tom was on top of him, his gaunt muzzle reaching for the terrified man's throat.

For just a fraction of a second that tableau held. Then Pope rushed in, disregarding the blows which Smock rained on him. He closed with the old man and hitting him viciously on the chin sent him hurtling backward to the ground. Young Tom left Barnes and turned on Pope, his teeth fastening into the thick of his calf. Jane ran to the shepherd, and took his head on her lap, shouting in childish, helpless anger at Pope. Barnes rose lurchingly to his feet and made his way toward Jane and Smock.

And Gradely, firing as he ran, went forward.

His first shot whistled over Pope's head. His second buried itself in the man's shoulder and Pope fell to the ground—sober and very afraid.

The dog left him and once again went to attack Barnes. But at the sound of the first revolver shot Barnes had taken to his heels.

"Arter him, Young Tom," Smock Lane called, feebly. "Round him up, lad."

He fell back as Gradely rushed up.

"You all right, Jane?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes. But Smock is hurt badly, Gramp. And he was so brave. He——"

Now the danger was past she burst into tears.

Gradely knelt beside her and examined the old man's wounds; beside the scalp wound he had been stabbed in the side, but, as far as Gradely could tell, neither hurt was at all likely to prove fatal.

"We must get him to a doctor's quickly, Jane," he said.

He picked Smock Lane up in his arms—the old man was a feather-weight and Gradely was a strong man—and with Jane at his side he hurried along the ride; neither gave a thought to Pope, who reeled after them, begging for forgiveness and mercy; neither gave a thought to the man Barnes who was desperately attempting to escape from the attentions of Young Tom. Nor did they speak of the peril which had come so close to Jane. Their thoughts were only of and for Smock Lane.

After a little while Smock opened his eyes.

"This bain't seemly, master," he said, with a faint chuckle. "I can walk."

"And I can carry you," Gradely replied. "And I want to thank you and ask your pardon——"

"W'y, what for?"

"For the things I thought——"

"I don't know what 'ee thought, master, so's no use askin' my pardon for that. As for thankin' me—w'y, I done no more'n any proper man 'ud do, whether he be a Downs man, or from elsewhere. Them two—they weren't proper men. Rats they be."

"Better not talk, Smock," Gradely said.

"W'y—talkin's the breath o' life to me," Smock expostulated. "An' them two : I 'spected they'd be up to no good when I saw 'em together at the Royal Oak last night—but I didn't 'spect it to happen so soon. But I followed Miss Jane to make sure, like. Mebbe I acted like an old fool. I ought to ha' gone wi' her openly then mebbe nothing 'ud have happened. But she'd have axed questions an' —I bain't good at tellin' lies to her—she sees through 'em—she'd have had a fear of walkin' the Downs alone planted in her." He sighed. "Well, she'm got that now."

"I haven't, Smock," Jane said, stoutly. "An now I know I'll never be alone on the Downs, for there are always knights ready to protect me."

Smock Lane chuckled. Then :

"I got to be gettin' back to my sheepses, master. I've left 'em alone. I——"

His eyes closed. His voice trailed off to silence.

"It's all right, Jane," William Gradely said, softly. "He's only asleep. . . ."

They heard a murmur of voices ahead of them and presently saw a number of men, headed by Kenyon, who—warned by the landlord of the Royal Oak—had come in search of the two men. They had already made a prisoner of Joe Barnes and now, while some laid rough hands on Fred Pope, others wanted to relieve Gradely of his burden.

"No," he said quietly. "He's asleep. I don't want him disturbed before it's necessary."

He went on down the ride, Jane walking on his right, Kenyon on his left—the men following closely behind him. But for all their silence, it was almost a triumphal procession. Miss Jane was safe ! The two men who had threatened her would meet their just deserts and old Smock Lane—"he was tough," they assured each other—would recover. . . .

Gradely thought of the things he could and would do for Smock Lane by way of showing his gratitude. Then it came to him that such service could not be met by any sort of monetary reward. Jane's anxious, tear-stained face helped to meet it and he——

Unconsciously his arms tightened in a protective grip about the old shepherd.

Just then they came to the road where Kenyon's car awaited them. As Gradely climbed into it, Smock Lane still in his arms, the men gathered silently around. He was almost startled by the deep friendliness and understanding of their expressions.

The questioning look was no longer in their eyes.

A harvesting scene near Wimmeria, Victoria, which state produces about one fourth of Australia's grain and a third of her hay

FÊTEFUL DAYS FOR AUSTRALIA

Australia throws a party on Wednesday. It is her 150th birthday and she's invited the world to join the fun, which will last for three months. So, here's how, Australia!

BY MILES HENSLOW

The Koala, native bear—a child's "teddy-bear" come to life

WITH the mighty bridge of Sydney harbour towering above them, visitors from almost every country of the world will watch the landing of a small boat, and the planting of a flag. When that simple but impressive incident in history has been re-enacted, the real fun and games will begin and continue without a break until the evening of Anzac day, April 25th.

There is not much that will not happen in that three months' party. Beginning with the Anniversary Regatta, with races for vessels of every class—and war canoes from the Pacific Islands—the programme includes the British Empire Games, Naval, Military and Air Force combined Tattoo, every conceivable class of sport, swimming, surfing, wonderful horsemanship by some of the finest riders in the world, the Royal Show, fireworks, carnivals, and—well everything.

Those who are fortunate enough to be there to help with the fun will never forget it, for Australia is an amazing country and the Australians are grand people.

This oldest yet newest of continents has a romantic history. An island, cut off from the rest of the world when the land was still quite young, Australia slumbered undisturbed through the hundreds of centuries.

Preserved by this isolation, quaint species of flora and fauna—curiosities to be found nowhere else on earth—thrive in her vast plains and mighty forests; they are the only remaining links with a past, long dead; their very existence spells mystery.

Hundreds of years before Australia was discovered, legend told of a great land in the south. Strabo, in B.C. 50, mentioned "a great island which lies about twenty days sail south-east from India, and which stretches far towards the west." Thirteen hundred years later Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, was writing of "The Great South Land," but a further four centuries were to pass before mystery and legend became fact, when the Dutch actually landed and brought back proof—gold and amazing stories—of what they had found.

Determined to keep their discovery to themselves, the Dutch were careful to say little about the new land, and to emphasise what claims they had, they attached metal labels to trees, posts and rocks wherever they landed. Many of these were found more than a century later, some in the possession of natives, and some just as the sailors had left them.

Probably there are many still to be found, engraved with the date of the landing, the names of the ship and her master.

Far from succeeding in their aim, the obvious silence of the Dutch only served to arouse the acute interest of other countries, Britain in particular. And to settle once and for all the question about there being such a land, Captain Cook was told to see what he could find out. He sailed from Plymouth in August, 1768, in a ship of 350 tons, the *Endeavour*, and in April, two years later, dropped anchor in Botany Bay.

Though the reports which Captain Cook brought home with him, created great interest, no move was made to form a settlement in the new land for sixteen years; then, the American War of Independence having closed the Virginian plantations to Britain, the Government was forced to look elsewhere for a place to which it could transport convicts—and Australia seemed to be the answer!

Orders in Council for establishing a settlement were issued on December 6, 1786, and early the following year all the preliminary arrangements were made. Captain Arthur Phillip was appointed the first Governor and Commander in Chief of New South Wales, eleven ships were fitted, and a garrison of 212 officers and men selected. The fleet sailed from the Isle of Wight on May 13, 1787.

What an adventure that must have been for every soul on board, from the Governor down to the humblest prisoner. In all, 1,044 persons were embarked on that historic voyage:

Civil officers	10
Military, including officers	212
Wives and families	45
Free emigrants	81
Convicts, male and female	696

and 1,030 landed safely in the new colony, nine months later. The ships, led by the *Supply* with the Governor on board, reached Botany Bay in January, 1788, but Captain Phillip was disappointed with what he saw; accordingly, he decided to move a few miles north to another harbour which Captain Cook had described, and had named Port Jackson, after the sailor who sighted it from the masthead of *Endeavour*.

The first little party landed on January 26 in that harbour, which the world of to-day acknowledges as the finest natural port of all. And the British flag was planted.

Well pleased with its magnificent appearance, its sheltered position, deep water, bold headlands, and almost innumerable bays, Captain Phillip decided upon a point some six miles inside the harbour entrance, where he discovered "a fine run of fresh water, stealing silently through a thick wood." By this water, in a little bay which he named Sydney Cove, in honour of Viscount Sydney, head of the Colonial Office and the man who had done

(*please turn over*)

Forests of eucalyptus provide a prosperous timber industry, and in the picture below is the symbol of Australia—the kangaroo. Here it is taking a gigantic hop

Continuing Fêteful Days for Australia *by* Miles Henslow

so much for the expedition, the embryo town was set up.

"I have the honour to enclose your Lordship the intended plan for the town," wrote Governor Phillip, some months later. "The Lieutenant-Governor has already begun a small house, which forms one corner of the parade, and I am building a small cottage on the east side of the cove. . . ." And so Sydney, second city in the empire to-day, with its population of one and a quarter millions, was created.

They found the natives ignorant and timid, but very friendly. They hewed the tall trees, built houses, stores and stockades, and cultivated the rich soil. The small stock of animals brought with them thrived on the new land, and gradually a prosperous settlement was developed. They had their troubles, of course, but Governor Phillip was a man of excellent character and vision, and under his leadership the community never looked back.

A typical example of his foresight was his original plan—(of 150 years ago !)—to lay down the streets of Sydney 200 feet wide; alas, that plan was never carried out.

Settlers were quick to appreciate the amazing country which they had made their home, and when the second fleet arrived from "The Old Country" in 1790, adding more than a thousand to the population, the colony was already well established. Writing to Viscount Sydney, Governor Phillip said :

". . . As near two years have now passed since first we landed in this country, some judgment may be formed of the climate, and I believe a finer or more healthy climate is not to be found in any part of the world. . . . Fifty-nine children have been born in the above time. . . ."

More than 1,700 acres had been cleared by the end of 1792 and most of the land was under cultivation. Convicts whose sentences were finished were given facilities for taking up land, and non-commissioned officers and privates were induced to remain in the country as civilians after three years of service; the land they were granted was free of all taxes and rents for ten years, after which time the rents charged amounted to something like £1 a year for 200 acres !

To-day one sometimes hears stupid remarks about Australia and her convicts, but the wise Australian can afford to listen, smile, and say nothing, quite rightly pitying the ignorance of the people who make them. There is a notice on a bridge in Dorsetshire, warning anyone who damages it that he may be transported for his crime !

If such an action still carried a guarantee of a free passage, a farm and a future, that bridge would not last long to-day. The majority of convicts transported to Australia were strong, healthy men from the best farm lands of England; their crimes were often sheep-stealing and poaching; they were the very type needed by the new land. *In the years that followed they were preferred to the free immigrants, who were often more trouble than they were worth.*

Though Australia had been discovered, Australia was still being "discovered" a century later; the settlers who were so pleased with what they had, had not the slightest idea of the rich plains that lay beyond the mountains behind them.

In fact, it was not until ten years after the first landing that Bass discovered that Tasmania and Australia were separate islands.

Australian history is packed with drama and romance. Governor Phillip knew that the country possessed valuable minerals almost as soon as they landed, but he knew also what would happen, at the expense of progressive development, if too much were said about them. It happened long after his time. "This country is supposed to have mines of iron, tin and silver by those who have been used to working in mines," he wrote, "but I give no encouragement to search after what, if found in our present situation, would be the greatest evil that could befall the settlement."

Australia was under her tenth Governor when the first real gold was discovered; but none who followed Phillip was so popular, or successful. One of them, William Bligh (yes, Bligh of the *Bounty !*) was such a tyrant that the colony mutinied and deposed him.

Gold ! When that word was whispered men went mad. Men who had lived in comparative poverty all their lives suddenly found themselves millionaires overnight. History may repeat itself, but never those crazy Australian days, when men lit their pipes with ten-pound notes, just for the fun of being able to do it—and ate them in sandwiches, between the bread and the cheese, just to show how rich they were !

Bushrangers ! Horse and cattle rustlers who found the hold-up business more profitable, soon led the police of the entire state a chase which lasted for years; they knew their bush blindfolded and with relations, friends and spies to help them, there was no catching them. They held up whole towns—police included—and danced, drank and entertained themselves royally—proving that they could combine pleasure quite well with the profitable business of emptying a bank or two !

Drought, flood and rain ! Early settlers were soon to find they were in a country of extremes almost beyond belief. They watched their fertile farms turn brown and dry, the ground opening in great cracks when scarce a drop of rain fell along the whole New South Wales coast for nearly three years.

They saw the peaceful waters of the mighty Hawkesbury River rise nearly a hundred feet above normal level, sweeping away houses, livestock—everything. They watched again in silent awe as raging flames swept through acres of bush—blackening and scarring areas as big as an English county.

Australia hands out surprise after surprise, until the visitor is beyond surprising. Everyone has seen kangaroos in a zoo, but the sight of a dozen or so bouncing along through the bush, babies tucked away in pouches, clearing high bushes at a bound, is a sight all on its own. So are the silly, lovable koalas—real "teddy bears" that any child would give all the dolls in the world to own.

Lizards six or seven feet long take a bit of believing, too, particularly when they leer down lazily from a branch twenty feet overhead—but they are real ones all the same, and they can manage a young rabbit quite comfortably for a meal.

The Australia of to-day is a very different place from the Great South Land of 150 years ago—around the coast; but once leave the railheads and ride out into the bush and you are back into the dim dark past; ride for days and you will not see a soul—or a footprint.

Were Australia's people distributed evenly there would only be three to every two square miles—but over three millions of the total six and three quarters live in the principal cities.

Canberra, Australia's federal capital, has less than 8,000 inhabitants to-day, yet experts predict that within a very few years it will be one of the most beautiful, popular and up-to-date of all modern cities. A decade or so ago it was plain sheep country, but already beautiful trees line its wide roads, and clean white buildings remind one that anything can happen in Australia.

Surely there was no stranger happening in the whole history of colonization than the "deal" which John Batman made with the aboriginal chiefs. Although it is just as well to know that the swap was not recognised officially, he traded over half a million acres of land for a few blankets, knives and axes ! Melbourne, capital of Victoria, is actually built on part of the land he chose.

Sheep have always been Australia's mainstay. Governor Phillip took 29 sheep with him, and it was soon found that they thrived very well ; to-day Australian flocks count 114,000,000 sheep, and produce wool worth about £50,000,000 each year. The 1,700 acres cleared and cultivated by the little band of settlers in the first two years represented a lot of hard work—but so do the twenty-two and a quarter millions now under cultivation.

Governor Phillip was slightly worried about the crops in 1788. In a letter, headed "Sydney Cove, New South Wales," he wrote to Lord Sydney as follows :

"Thus situated, your Lordship will excuse my observing a second time that a regular supply of provisions from England will be absolutely necessary for five years, as the crops for two years to come cannot be depended upon for more than will be necessary for seed."

Allowing for a fairly good harvest, those crops probably yielded some 30,000 bushels of seed, and represented the foundation of Australia's second industry. To-day the annual yield of wheat is approximately one hundred and thirty-three million bushels.

Indeed they built well and worked hard in those early days, and Australia may well be proud of her 150th birthday. In that same letter Governor Phillip said : ". . . nor do I doubt but that this country will prove the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made." Governor Phillip was a very wise man. Many Happy Returns, Australia !

MEN IN UNIFORM

BY LARS MOËN

ILLUSTRATED BY PARKER

In a flash each had his gun drawn

FIGHTING in the streets of Moscow had quieted down by evening, and only an occasional rifle-shot, or a spatter of machine-gun fire told of a nervous sentry or a minor skirmish. To Maria Ivanovna, sitting at home and not daring to venture outside, the stillness was worse than the noise that had gone on all day. The clatter and the shouting had made her feel that somewhere there were people. Now, it was as though the whole city, the whole world, save herself, had died.

Suddenly there was a volley of shots in the street, followed by shouts and the sound of running feet. As suddenly again it died away. Maria Ivanovna rose, her limbs stiffened by inactivity. To relieve the loneliness a bit, she lit the lamp and drew the blinds.

As she turned away from the window, a light, peremptory knock at the door startled her. Thinking it might be her husband, or someone with news of him, she crossed the room quickly.

"Who is it?"

The answer came in a hoarse whisper:

"For God's sake, open!"

The desperate appeal in the voice reassured her, and she slid back the two bolts, unhooked the chain and unlocked the door. She opened it a crack and peered out, but the hallway was in darkness and she could distinguish nothing. Again came the tense whisper:

"Citizeness! Let me in!"

She opened the door, reflecting that she was doing a very foolish thing, no doubt, but secretly rather excited.

The man stepped inside quickly, closed the door, reopened it a crack and peered out silently, then shut it again, slid the bolts, hooked the chain in place and verified that the lock was all right. He was not young—nearing forty, no doubt—and the growth of beard on his face did not flatter him; but he looked intelligent and not at all dangerous. He was wearing an old army uniform, and pinned around his arm was a crimson band with the words "Red Guard." A huge revolver of an ancient pattern hung at his hip.

He took off his cap and faced her.

"You have saved my life, citizeness. I carelessly ran into a White patrol in the dark, and in escaping, got bottled up between them and another White patrol. So I slipped into the first doorway in the darkness, ran upstairs and knocked on your door at random. Now, unless they make a house-to-house search, I am safe for the moment."

Maria Ivanovna thought quickly. If the Whites were in command of the street, it would do her no good to have a Red Guard found here, nor yet could she bring herself to turn him out into the street to be shot. She looked at him appraisingly.

"You are about the same build as my husband. You will change quickly into a suit of his clothes; I'll hide your uniform and then let them search. You will be my cousin from Samara."

Before the man could mumble his confused thanks, she was bustling about, gathering together a complete wardrobe for him. Then she pushed him into the kitchen with the armful of clothes.

There was shooting in the street from time to time, and once the sound of distant cannonading, but no search party came, and soon after nine the man, pleading that he had practically not slept for two nights, asked if he might rest for a bit on the divan.

She made up a comfortable bed for him, despite his protests, and he fell asleep instantly. Maria Ivanovna went into the bedroom and retired, but she lay awake far into the night.

In the morning, he was already about and had folded up the bedding when she came out. He smiled and bowed, pleasantly. He had a good-humoured face, though his eyes were cold and penetrating.

"I am afraid, citizeness, that I was too tired last night to thank you properly. You have saved a soldier to help free Russia from the Constitutional Democrats."

She shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Also, I hope you will excuse my having taken the liberty of using your husband's razor in the kitchen. I needed it rather badly."

"That was nothing. But speaking of the kitchen, I am more concerned about something else. There is nothing to eat in the house. I shall have to go out to the market, though there's not much hope of finding anything there."

"But you must not go out now! Fighting is still going on. That, at least, is something I can do for you. Where is the market basket?"

Refusing to heed her protests, he put on one of her husband's fur caps and overcoats, took the basket over his arm, and let himself out.

In less than an hour, there was a sound of hurrying feet in the hallway and a quick banging at the door. She opened it and immediately a White Guard came in and closed the door behind him.

"Listen! Hide me—anywhere! The Reds have broken through, and I'm the only one of my detachment left alive. I don't think they saw me come in here."

Swiftly Maria Ivanovna weighed the situation. The Red Guard would be back any minute, and the encounter could only end disastrously for her.

"Please," she urged, "I must beg you to leave. I would gladly shelter you if I could, but it's too dangerous. Aside from the other risks, my husband may be home soon, and he is extremely jealous."

"Bolshevik?"

"He isn't anything, particularly—but he'll kill you if he finds you here."

"I'll chance that, rather than face the men outside."

"I must ask you to leave at once."

The White Guard smiled ironically, and patted the holster at his hip.

"I regret this no less than you do, but I am obliged to remain here until the danger is past."

Maria Ivanovna reflected that if there were no hope of getting rid of the man, she must make the best of it.

"Very well," she said, rapidly, "I have a cousin in Samara whom my husband has never seen. You will have to be that cousin. I will give you a suit belonging to my husband—he is absent-minded and won't notice—and when he comes in, you will be my cousin."

When the White Guard came out of the kitchen again, it was evident that her husband's clothes did not fit him as well as they fitted the other. However, it was not too noticeable.

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Go back into the kitchen until I call you!" she commanded, and the man bowed and disappeared. She opened the door, and the Red Guard entered, laden with provisions. She stared at him in wonderment.

"Where did you find all that?"

"Don't ask questions. The important thing is that I found it. I'll take everything into the kitchen."

"One moment!" She dropped her voice to a whisper. "My real cousin from Samara has turned up. Fortunately, he has never seen my husband—so that will be you. It will save explanations."

He nodded quickly and she opened the kitchen door. The White Guard came out.

"Peter, this is my cousin from Samara I have so often spoken about. This is my husband."

The two men shook hands and murmured greetings with simulated cordiality. Then, to relieve the tension, the White Guard began opening the parcels.

Presently the three sat down to breakfast, and under the influence of hot tea and more food than any of them had seen for days, they began to relax. Maria Ivanovna forced herself to keep up an animated flow of talk on topics well removed from politics, wondering all the time when a chance remark might lead to one of the men discovering the other's identity.

During the morning they found her husband's chess set and proposed a game. The White Guard won most of the games at first; then the Red Guard discovered the weak point in his play and consistently defeated him. As the day wore on, they became more and more amiable and by afternoon they were like old friends.

That evening, she thought of asking them to leave, but furious fighting broke out again nearby and it was obviously unsafe.

Bedtime presented a fresh problem, but the Red Guard tactfully saved the situation:

"My wife is not well, and I have been sleeping on the divan. To-night, you will take it and I will make myself comfortable with these two armchairs."

The matter was finally settled by tossing a coin and soon the White Guard was sleeping noisily on the divan, while the Red Guard shifted about, trying to find a comfortable position on the chairs. As for Maria Ivanovna, she scarcely slept at all that night.

There was little fighting during the night and in the morning she took each one aside and asked him to leave as quickly as possible. She gave the White Guard his uniform in the kitchen, while the Red Guard changed in her bedroom.

Each was to come out at a separate signal, so that she could get them away without their meeting. Unfortunately, the walls were thin and when she tapped at the bedroom door, both doors opened and the two men suddenly stood face to face, one in the uniform of a Red Guard, the other a White.

In a flash, each had drawn his gun. The White Guard was a split second quicker, but he did not shoot. Implacably and with sudden, deep hatred the two men stood regarding each other, while Maria Ivanovna, wanting to scream yet unable, did not even breathe. Then, as if by a common impulse, the two turned and looked at her, smiled tautly and shook their heads.

Not a word was spoken as they slid their guns back into their holsters and moved towards the door. The White Guard bowed low over her hand and kissed it; the Red Guard shook it heartily. Then the two men moved together along the corridor and down the stairs.

At the street entrance they paused a second, still silent, and faced each other in the bright winter sunlight. For a moment they looked at each other very hard, unsmiling and grim. Slowly, the Red Guard put his hand out. Hastily, as though ashamed that the other had been first, the White Guard gripped his hand. They stood thus for a few moments, still unsmiling, then turned into the street, one to the right, one to the left.

WELL—LET'S LAUGH!

Heading full speed for a matrimonial crash, these two had to be lost in the wilderness before they found themselves again

BY LOUIS KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. W. SINDALL

WHEN she could no longer walk he carried her, but when he could no longer walk and carry her, he put her down and went on alone. Unburdened, he could get along—maybe gain the trees he stared at through heat haze and the sweat mist across his eyes. He started off and stopped, swaying on his feet as he looked back at her wistful, scared face.

"I've got to go on . . . you wait . . . see?" he said in the voice that for long had seemed not his own. "Wait . . . I'll get to those trees . . . come back. . . . You'll be okay. . . ."

But he knew she was scared—as scared as he was. If he didn't get back they wouldn't even die together, and the loneliness was appalling. Jimmy Traske looked out upon the desolation, but he was too tired even to curse it. Yet he had to risk that walk alone to the trees. They wouldn't have any chance at all if he didn't go on.

So he wouldn't look at her again. He looked at the trees. They were the only trees he could see anywhere. Dark and solitary they stood in the saltant heat and all that blaze of light upon the desert. They even looked cool to his smarting eyes.

He watched them grow bigger—very, very slowly they grew bigger. Sometimes the heat haze played tricks and they floated toward the sky and even turned upside down. But he knew that was only mirage, and laughed. The floor of the desert tilted like the deck of a ship in a heavy sea, but that too was only an illusion. It was his body swaying, that was all. The desert steadied and the trees came back into place like well-drilled soldiers.

As he drew nearer they didn't play any more tricks. Suddenly they seemed very close, waiting there with their outspread arms and cool patches of shadow. But he didn't look long at those cool patches. He saw something else, blue and gleaming, and he gave a hoarse shout of exultation and ran to it.

"You're there all right!" he said to the water, and fell down with his arms in it, and his face. Then he lifted his face out and took a deep breath and started to drink. But he had enough will-power not to continue after the first mouthful or so—thought of June, back there in the sand, helped him to have enough will power. "Swine!" he told himself. "She's got none. . . ." And he filled the canteen. He had to get back with that, but he could do it. Now he knew the water was there, it was easy to forget the hurt of his blistered feet and his weakness. He set off with a stride that seemed to him firm and powerful, though to anybody he would have looked just like a drunken man, staggering and tilting along.

He was surprised when he fell down, but even the fact that the stopper came out of the canteen and some water was lost didn't dismay him. There was plenty in that hole under the coolibahs, and the canteen was still two-thirds full. An hour ago he would have given his left hand for a cupful, but now he didn't have to give anything. He lurched on toward June, waving the canteen. Then he fell on his knees beside her, lifting the canteen to her mouth. He held his left arm under her shoulders while she drank. Emotion choked him when the canteen was put down and he saw tears in her eyes.

"I was scared, Jimmy, when I was alone and saw you go off alone—walking in the sand. . . . If there were nothing there, and you didn't get back—we'd have been separated then, at the finish."

"Close thing, honey. But we don't have to think of that now. Don't have to think of anything—just rest and then go on to that water. And we've got all the time in the world."

He looked at the empty canteen in the sand—the canteen whose emptiness hitherto had terrified him—and his swollen, thirst-cracked lips grinned. He could grin at that empty canteen now. There was plenty more water. They only had to go on and get it.

He helped June up and wanted to carry her again, but she wouldn't let him. "You've walked farther than I have," she said. She limped along, leaning on him in giddy moments, when the desert slanted. They both limped along, slowly and resting whenever they wished. God, it was good to rest and know they could rest, and not have to race death any more! And when they arrived at the waterhole there was the shade of the coolibahs, and they could drink whenever they wanted to, so long as they didn't drink too much at once. They were compelled to be parsimonious by the danger of too much drink after long thirst, but it didn't alter the fact that the water was there—good fresh water in a rock pool. They just lay in the shade and lazed and looked at the water and tasted ecstasy every time they drank.

And when the sun set they slept because that too was something they craved. They slept till dawn, and then woke and drank some more water, and slept again till noon. And then—so obsessing had been their thirst—they thought of food for the first time. They had nothing but a can of beans—Jimmy had slipped that in his pocket when the grub sack had got too heavy. The grub sack was away back in the sand, and his rifle too. It didn't matter. He could go back and get them. And beyond, where the truck had cracked up, was plenty more grub.

"Food's back there on the truck for the packing," he said, "and so we're going to be all right for a long time."

But a shadow crossed her face. "All that way again, Jimmy——"

"Sure; why not? That's easy now we've got a safe camp to pack to. But we don't have to think about it yet. Let's hog these beans."

He opened the can with a pocket knife. He got a flat stone and washed the sand and dust off in the waterhole and put half the beans on to a stone.

"Nothing to eat with, but pick 'em up, a bean at a time," he grinned.

"I'm too hungry." She got coolibah leaves and bent them double. "Try scoops."

They ate the beans cold, and it was not till they were finished that they realised how hungry they were.

"There's nothing left but the label," Jimmy said. "That doesn't feed anything but the imagination." He looked across the desert the way they had come. He got up and tested the soreness of his feet under his weight. "I could make it back——"

"Not now," she said. "We can go hungry till the morning. Walking will be easier then. You'd better let me look at those feet."

She got water in the bean-can and bathed them with a wet handkerchief. She had nothing but the garments she wore for bandages. "You can rest your feet," she said.

"What about your own?"

"You can attend to mine."

With their feet bathed, they lay in the shade, smoking cigarettes. They had twenty-two cigarettes; Jimmy divided them equally.

"You're a heavier smoker than I am," she protested.

"Not now," he said. "We've got to ration ourselves—one cigarette apiece every two hours, say—and both smoke at the same time. Mine wouldn't taste so good if I thought you were going without. They'll last over to-morrow that way."

"We can't get back to the truck in one day. Better make it one cigarette every four hours."

"*We* can't get back?" Jimmy eyed her, frowning. "You're not going to drag back all that way. I'm going to make it alone."

"You couldn't pack enough stores alone."

"I'll pack enough. Now we've got a safe camp you're going to stay here till we're picked up."

She didn't ask when that was likely to be. It was something that had become more and more remote, indefinite. Back at the derelict truck that had been a reiterated question until toward the last, when her eyes had ceased to watch the desert's emptiness with any expectancy. They'd be picked up some day, but that eternal vacancy didn't give you the feeling that rescue was imminent. You began to doubt, and at least you knew that you had to wait.

When they had abandoned the truck, it had been in desperation, panic. But that had passed. They'd seen a half-full drum of water drain dry to the last drop and a precious canteen also go dry, but thirst had passed from them now at the waterhole. They needed food, that was all. Ultimately the truck would be found, and their tracks from the truck to the waterhole. It was true that while these tracks were traceable, the truck's wheelmarks had been wiped out by the dust-storm.

But there was nothing to be gained by remembering that, and Jimmy Traske was careful not to refer to it. He had seen the stricken look in June's eyes when he had mentioned it the first time, back there when the storm had passed. She'd stared at the trackless ground. The truck itself was half buried in drift sand and dust. So far as tracks and searchers were concerned, they'd simply vanished in thin air. He had had to explain quickly that Landon was a man who knew this tract of Australia like the palm of his hand—not quite true, but near enough. "Trust Bill Landon to trail us down," he had said.

Jimmie Traske knelt on one knee and with a stick drew a motor truck in the dust. The old tribesman squatted on his heels and watched

But it had long since struck him that she didn't expect him to say it any more. She seemed to have accepted something and he knew, after a little thought, what it was. It was the present. That had been terrible when the water gave out at the truck, but here it was easier to accept. Here was life and not the shadow of death. They could look at the desert without despair. This was such a gift of the gods, they were almost jubilant. Here, at any rate, they thought, *they could live*. . . .

In the morning, Jimmy was up first. He was impatient to try his feet. In the grey dawn he walked on them experimentally, and though they were still sore, he could walk on them almost without a limp. And when he thinned the bandages down, his unsocked feet slipped into his boots easily enough. They were no longer swollen and he felt he could make the trek to the truck. He wasn't going to think about hot sand and a hot sun until he had to. He washed and felt for his cigarettes.

"Breakfast time," he said. "One cigarette apiece." He forbore lighting his own, till June was ready with a cigarette in her mouth for him to light.

She didn't say anything while they smoked. She looked at the desert and the scarlet skyline. Then she looked at her shoes. She thinned the bandages, and without stockings thrust her feet into the shoes. She stood up and tried a few steps.

"Grand," she said. "We'd better get going."

"I said I'd make it and you rest here in the shade."

"Supposing something happened to you, and I was left here?"

"I'll take a canteen of water and nothing's going to happen to me."

"A canteen won't last to the truck and back," she pointed out.

"No," Jimmy admitted, "but I don't mean to go right through to the truck this time. There's that grub sack we dropped—that'll feed us up till I can make the longer trek back."

"But if something did happen, Jimmy—— We've stuck together this far; you quit me once, but only because you had to battle on with the canteen—"

"Well, two drinking from that are going to empty it sooner than one. It's a full day's trek there and back to the grub sack and rifle, and the sun's going to be fierce."

"The canteen'll see us through as far as the grub sack—I'll carry this bean can full besides. We trekked farther on less, Jimmy. Let's get going."

"All right," he yielded. "But two to the water we can carry in that canteen and bean can certainly means we can't get past that grub sack."

But he knew she was glad of that, and she had feared he'd decide to risk the longer dash. That, he realised, might be a necessity if anything had happened to that grub sack; the black nomads of the desert might have picked it up. Maybe they had found the truck too. But it was a remote chance; there weren't very many tribesmen in this tract of the desert, though he admitted to himself that it was the possibility of a band visiting the waterhole that helped him yield to June's going with him. Yet he couldn't do a thing—not a damned thing without his rifle—if the blacks did show up and were hostile. It was like abandoning her, though, to leave her there alone.

Yet he knew the trek in the sun was a mistake. She was even more sorefooted than he was. She wouldn't confess it. She tried to walk without limping when the sun and the sand got hot and her feet swelled inside her shoes.

"I'm all right," she said, when he slowed down. "I can keep up with you."

But he was finding it difficult to keep the pace himself. The march was proving already that an empty stomach didn't leave a man much to march on. Water was not enough. But they drank too much of it; by midmorning the bean can was empty and discarded and the canteen supply had been reduced by a quarter. They must be more careful. Feet were painful, but, after all, if you had the strength to stand on them you could get along. You could set your teeth against pain and get along. He'd had to do it before, but he hated seeing June have to do it again.

He altered his plans at mid-day, though this meant rationing the water even more strictly. "If we can make supplies last, we needn't get back to the waterhole to-day," he explained. "When we get to that grub sack, we'll stay there till the morning. The food'll help us get back."

In her tired face relief showed as she nodded. They went on in more cheerful mood and not hurrying so much. They didn't have to hurry if they didn't have to get back to the camp before dark.

But they were weary and footsore when, two hours after mid-day, they came to the saltbush clump where Jimmy had cached the grub sack and rifle. He had recognised the clump some distance off and had hurried the last hundred yards, his heart in his mouth. But it was all right. He saw no blacks' tracks, and both the grub sack and the rifle were there.

They dropped down, and for a moment were content with the ecstasy of utter immobility and relief from pain now their weight was not on their blistered

(*please turn to page* 17)

'10 minutes to wait—so *Mine's a Minor!*'

says Mercia Swinburne

to George Relph

In boxes **15** for **6**[D] 30 for 1/-

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PLAIN · CORK OR RED TIPS

After the performance, Mercia Swinburne enjoys a quiet game of chess with her husband, George Relph, in their Chelsea flat. We shall be seeing them both in a new play soon.

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

• *For that leisured ¼ hour — De Reszke Majors 20 for 1/-*

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Continuing Well—Let's Laugh ! *by* Louis Kaye

feet. Then they got food from the grub sack—canned food and a little dry damper—and started to appease their hunger.

Afterward Jimmy took stock of what remained. "That's got to keep us going back at the waterhole till we're in shape to get through to the truck. Guess we'll have to slow down on consumption from now on.

They followed the meal with a cigarette, and then yielded again to the bliss of immobility.

The blazing savage sun slid westward and disappeared over a skyline that flamed for a while like fire. One little bronze cloud was still there when the stars appeared palely in the east.

The air cooled quickly. Jimmy collected dry saltbush and kindled a fire, though it was hardly yet needed for anything more than light. It was cheerful, though impermanent. The brushwood sticks burnt out quickly and it was painful to walk about gathering them. Jimmy let the fire die away after their strictly rationed evening meal. Then they huddled in the sand and slept under the many stars.

But Jimmy woke up, cold. He looked at the stars and they seemed brittle, like those in a frosty sky. This was the desert ; burning by day and sometimes freezing by night. The sand that had burnt his feet was cold now to his touch. He looked at the vague form of June, more lightly clad than himself. He got up, staggering about, looking for sticks. He found enough to rebuild the fire and June woke up as it blazed and crackled.

She was numb with cold. Stiffly she moved nearer the fire and huddled beside it till the chill went from her flesh.

"Isn't this crazy—to-morrow we'll be scorched instead of frozen ! Maybe if we walked back to the camp to-night it would keep us warm, and then we wouldn't have to walk in the heat."

"Are you thirsty now?"

"Not very. But I will be walking back to-morrow."

Jimmy picked up the canteen and examined it in the firelight. It was not much better than a quarter full; under a desert sun that would be very little.

"But setting a course by the stars isn't so easy, and we might miss the waterhole," he explained. "Better to wait till we can see the tracks."

"Yes," she agreed. She watched him put the canteen aside and get up to search for more brushwood. She got up to help him, and they sat down then by a fire hot enough to make her drowsy.

"You get some more sleep," Jimmy said.

"You sleep, too. There's enough fire there to last some time. The cold'll wake us when it goes down."

But when she dropped off, Jimmy's own eyes were still open. He didn't mean to sleep. He could keep the fire burning, and she wouldn't know he hadn't slept.

Every time the fire died down but while it still cast light, he limped about gathering fuel. He kept the fire going for what seemed a long time, but when he looked at his watch, it was only an hour after midnight. He wasn't sure of his watch, though; he had set it by the sun after it had stopped during that thirsty search for water, when he had forgotten to wind it. But, anyway, it was a long time till dawn. He looked at the fire and wondered how long it would last. Maybe as it went down he would wake before June and stoke it again. He settled himself close to its warmth, and yielded to his weariness.

When he woke the fire was blazing brightly, fresh fed with dry stalks of saltbush. June was sitting beside it.

"Did it go out?" he asked. "Did the cold wake you?"

She shook her head. "It was still a fire when I woke up."

But when he looked at his watch, he knew there had been time for the fire to go out many times. "It's only an hour or so off dawn," he said. "You've been sitting up, stoking that fire and keeping me warm while I slept. You should've kicked me awake."

"Even my toes," she smiled, "are sore. Anyway, you meant to keep the fire burning while I slept."

They let the fire go out as the dawn came. They had breakfasted by then, drunk a mouthful of water, smoked a cigarette apiece. It was cold as they stood on their sore feet, but they would yearn for that cold air within the hour. The flame of the sun was already in the east and out of the flame broke, clear and mocking, the red disc that spread light and heat upon the desert. The sand grew warm, and heat waves began to rise, shimmering, vibrating incessantly.

The metal of Jimmy Traske's rifle got too hot to handle; making use of its leather sling, he slung it on his shoulder. Over his other shoulder was the grub sack. He wouldn't let June carry either, and he knew they'd grow very heavy before long. His feet were sinking in the sand to the ankle. The food after famine had given energy only for the sun and heat to rob him of it again.

June carried the canteen. About every two miles they stopped for a mouthful from it. But when he saw that the supply was diminishing too fast, Jimmy denied himself even the mouthful. He found that he could put the canteen to his mouth, hold his breath, swallow and hand the canteen back without June noticing that he hadn't really drunk at all.

At noon they rested, but were too hot to eat. Their feet were painful now, even though they didn't have their weight on them. June took her shoes off and afterwards discovered that to be a mistake because she couldn't get them on again. She stared at him helplessly.

"You can walk in mine," Jimmy said; and started to take them off.

"No," she protested, "you'll never walk on that sand without them."

"Well, you can't, either. I'll carry you. I can leave the rifle and grub sack here and come back for them."

"I'll walk," she said stubbornly and started off, carrying her shoes and the canteen.

But as she limped across the burning sand, her pain-drawn face was too much for Jimmy. He sat down and pulled off his own boots. The leather was hot but not as hot and rough as the pebble-strewn sand.

He made June put the boots on. Then he trudged beside her and tried to be gay, though every step he took was a step on fire. The skyline undulated in the heat haze. But through the haze the trees at last were visible.

Limping and tottering they arrived two hours later at the waterhole and drank of that ecstasy again before they slept.

It wasn't till the morning that Jimmy knew blacks had been at the waterhole. He came on the footprints in a dusty patch, and then could see them plainly out on the sand, beyond the oasis of trees.

"They came and went while we were away—must have seen our tracks," Jimmy said. "But it just seems they weren't interested in us."

Yet he wondered about the supplies back at the abandoned truck. The blacks hadn't started off that way, but they might change their course. If they looted the truck, there would be no reserve to fall back on when the grub sack was empty.

Breakfast that morning was a test of will power. Jimmy opened one can of beans. They were still hungry, but lied to each other gallantly when they had eaten. They smoked and Jimmy counted the remaining cigarettes. There were ten. They were almost jubilant.

"The grub *can* be made to last about five days," Jimmy said. "Allowing two days to get back to the truck, we've got three days here in which to get our lame feet in shape. Think we can do it?"

"We'll have to. We mustn't walk about—just laze around and give them a chance."

The healing of their blistered feet became an obsession. They bathed them and bandaged them with strips of clothing. They dragged themselves about on the ground rather than stand on them and injure the new skin forming. This made it difficult to gather wood to make fires for smoke signals, but the chance of these being seen by anybody but desert tribesmen who already had seemed indifferent to their fate, was remote, anyway. Jimmy gave up. He didn't know what had happened to Landon, but he knew that he was doing his best wherever he was.

Unexpectedly next day blacks showed on the plain, coming from the direction of the truck, and when they grouped nakedly at the waterhole they had, to Jimmy's eyes, a well-fed look.

"Well, that settles it," he thought, his mind on the food June and he had been dependent upon for their existence. He was angry, though he knew it was no use—that it wouldn't help. The blacks were their only chance now.

He saw at least that they weren't a war party; they had their women and children with them. Some of the bucks stood leaning on their spears and others squatted on their heels, but all were motionless and silent with almost an animal silence.

Jimmy looked at June's uneasy face. He knew he daren't show his own uneasiness. If the worst came to the worst, he could shoot faster than they could use their spears, but he didn't have many cartridges. He stood with his rifle grounded and moved his gaze over the bearded faces of the older men.

He thought he had picked out the headman or chief; an old man with many cicatrices on his torso, a band of plaited and red-dyed hair showing across his forehead, a greasy, ugly face, thick lips and flat nose. But when Jimmy spoke to him, the old black made a gesture towards the desert and said something in his own tongue.

"He doesn't know English. Isn't there anybody else?" June suggested.

"Old Flatnose seems the headman; I daren't offend him by passing him over. Anyway, I don't think there's anybody else, or he'd call him up to interpret. Signs are all that's left."

Jimmy Traske knelt on one knee and with a stick drew a motor truck in the dust. The old tribesman squatted on his heels and watched. Jimmy looked up at his face. Comprehension was there, but Jimmy couldn't be sure the old savage wasn't offended by this reminder of the looted truck. Yet he merely took the stick and made some marks in the dust himself. But they conveyed nothing to Jimmy—were merely a series of dots. Then, as if seeing he didn't understand, the old fellow gestured towards the desert.

"He means tracks," June said.

"But whose?—our tracks, his tracks, or somebody else's tracks? Maybe just our tracks back to the truck—just his way of showing that he knows we're from it."

For a long while the dust-scratching and sign language continued and then, with the abruptness of the savage, the old tribesman turned away as if he had lost interest. Jimmy had learned nothing—didn't know whether the blacks meant to help or not.

"But they don't need any finger-talk to know how we're fixed," he said to June. "They can see that. Maybe they just don't care."

The nomad scamped on the other side of the waterhole, about a hundred yards away. When the darkness fell they were visible in the light of their small fires, but they didn't seem to be cooking anything.

"Don't need it, after all that grub back at the truck," Jimmy said, moodily. "Came here for water, that's all. But they'll have to hunt to-morrow. Maybe that'll take 'em a long way from here, though other water must be fairly close or the game would have had to come back."

He remained awake all that night, guarding the camp. In the morning, the blacks marched out into the desert. Jimmy watched them go glumly. He didn't look at June till the last had disappeared and he knew she hadn't been looking at him. They were afraid of what they would see in each other's eyes—hopelessness.

"No use making that trek to the truck, Jimmy?"

"Doesn't seem like it . . . It's a long way to go just on the bare chance they never touched anything."

"Well, if we stay here we can't die of thirst. And I don't so much mind being hungry. Game might come to the water, anyway."

But they were asleep when it came—a big kangaroo, alone and thirsty, creeping to the water in the darkness. Jimmy saw the tracks in the morning. In his disappointment, a desperate resolve to trail it came to him and he started off, following the spoor. In the daylight the kangaroo might sleep somewhere not far from the water.

But when, three miles from the camp, Jimmy Traske caught his breath as the kangaroo bounded from a clump of buckbush, he realised that it was a range that didn't offer much hope. He fired three bullets and the kangaroo didn't stop. He watched it till it vanished in the immensity of the plain. It was useless to follow it now, and he turned back despondently.

"But it came here for water once and it might come again," he told June. "I'll be awake for it to-night."

Turnabout they watched through the darkness for the kangaroo, but it never came back to the

(*please turn to page* 20)

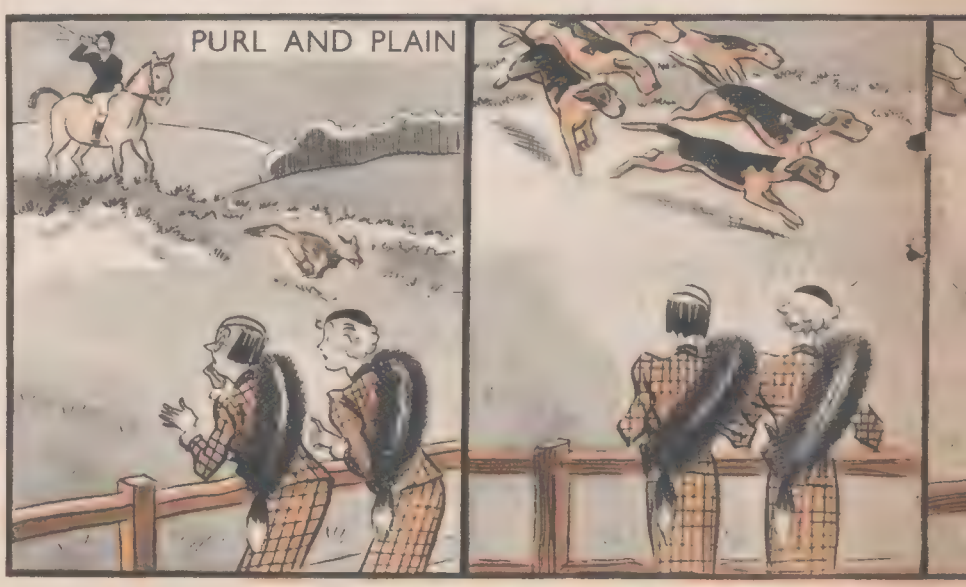
The bashful ventriloquist declares his love.

Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW

"Chief's apologies, Mum; but the fire-escape is being re-painted!"

"Then turn sharp left and you're there!"



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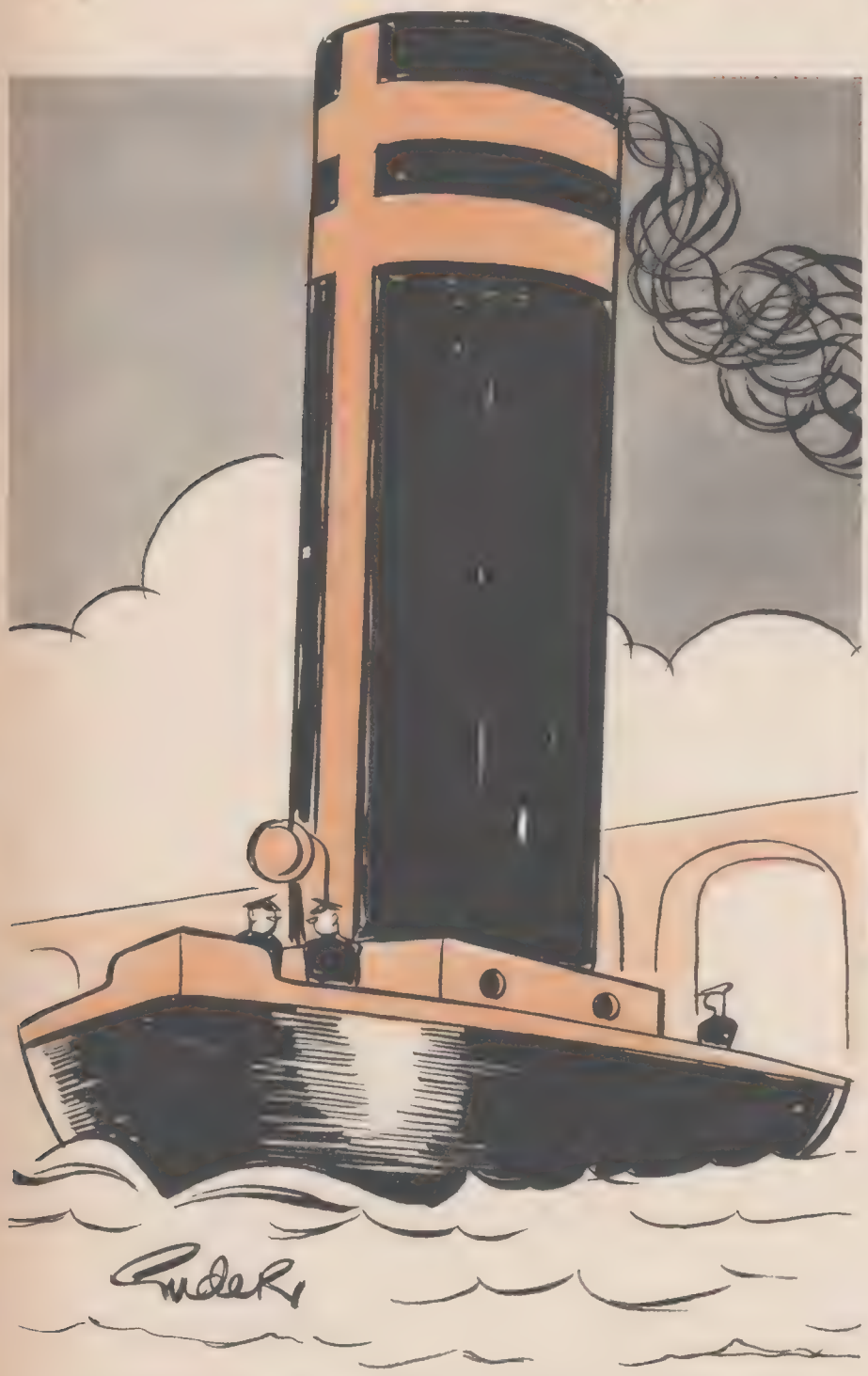

"I was first in at the auction when they scrapped the *Maurengaria*!"

"Give me a leg up to the top of the fence, I've got something to say to that ref."

"Would you rather speak to the captain? I'm the first mate!"

Continuing Well—Let's Laugh ! *by* Louis Kaye

water. Then, with all the cigarettes gone, June revealed her possession of several stubs.

"I hoarded and hid them, Jimmy. They were too precious to throw away."

Jimmy took a matchbox from his pocket and counted the matches. "Two more than we need," he said. He lit a stub. "It's good," he said.

"Yes," she said, smoking. "There's not much of anything left, I suppose, Jimmy, but what there is—is good . . ."

Jimmy nodded. He said : "It's funny, the things we've been grateful for. When we made through to that grub sack we felt we owned the world. This water in the hole tasted better than anything we ever drank. A brushwood fire at night, and a chance to rest our lame feet by day—to get out of the sand and lie in the shade of these trees . . . Those were high spots in a dreary desolation. Lord, we've been through enough to wear our nerves raw, and yet—"

"Sometimes," she said, "when I think of the things we used to get mad at each other about, I'm almost ashamed, Jimmy. Little differences over trifles—things now that we could laugh over as being too absurd for serious attention . . . It does seem funny, Jimmy—tragically funny !"

"We should have been happy all that time," he admitted, "but if we were we didn't seem to know it. What was the last wrangle in all that surfeit?"

"I accepted an invitation for both, to Grange's party and you said there's been too many parties lately and you wanted to read a book on exploration —something Landon had loaned you. I made some catty remarks about amateur explorers and claimed there were better ways of wasting time."

"Yes, and I said there were better ways of wasting an evening than at Grange's party."

"I retorted that some people grew out of their juvenile fondness for the open spaces, but so long as you played around with Landon you were not likely to develop anything better than his own immature mentality. I threw mud at your pet idol. You boomeranged some nasty retorts—quite nasty. I went to Grange's party alone."

"And for days you chewed that over. You said you'd had to say I had a headache. I said I didn't see why you had to say that—you could have told the plain truth, that I just didn't want to go."

"Yes, I nagged pretty efficiently. But that wasn't really the last row. It was after that you refused to trade in for a new model. You said it'd be better to wait because you weren't sure you wouldn't be going with Landon. But I said if you had enough money to go trekking into the Central Australian desert with Landon, you had enough to buy a new car."

"And I said I couldn't afford to do both. And you said that I might be going with Landon, but you weren't. In fact, I think your idea was that I wasn't going, anyway."

"I did my best to stop you. I was terribly selfish, but I didn't know it then. I thought you were the selfish one. To tell the truth, Jimmy, I'd begun to believe you weren't my idea of a husband. I believe too that you were of the opinion you might have chosen better. Were we at the parting of the ways?"

"I don't know," Jimmy said. "But I was selfish."

"No, I was selfish, Jimmy."

"Well, anyway, you did give in and come with me on the trek with Landon. And I shouldn't have brought you. This desert's hell—"

"Yes, Jimmy, but I'm glad I came. It might be hell, but there's this to it ; it's nearer heaven than that home where we were growing to hate each other . . . Somehow, Jimmy, all those old snarls and grouches have been cleared right away—here where we're alone, just the two of us in a dead world. I think it's this discovery that makes things easier. And if it's life that's ahead, Jimmy, it's you and I that'll know what to do with it; and if it's death—well, it's still you and I, Jimmy. . . ."

"Yes," Jimmy nodded, "we can take anything together now. . . ."

In the late afternoon they saw the blacks again. They watched them apathetically, with neither fear nor hope. The blacks had come and gone before and no doubt would come and go again, and nothing would happen. Unless . . .

"Maybe they've hunted and will make cooking fires by the waterhole," Jimmy said. "They might —aw, well, maybe I can touch old Flatnose for a handout. That'd be something to be grateful for."

The blacks came on toward the spot beyond the waterhole where they had camped before, and Jimmy saw that they had game. They built small fires, and in a little time the old headman wandered over, followed by his lubra carrying something. It was kangaroo steak.

The old tribesman himself carried a firestick, and when the lubra put the meat on a clean stone and gathered some wood, he lit the fire and departed.

Jimmy, cutting green sticks to grill the meat, knew he wasn't going to sit up that night with his rifle. "Old Flatnose," he said," is friendlier than he looked. Maybe he's going to stand by till we're picked up."

But they were asleep when the camels came that night. They didn't wake till the big grunting beasts loomed over them, grotesque against the starred sky. . . .

Landon, in telling his end of the story, explained how it was that it took so long to find them. He was in difficulties himself when his truck stuck in a tangle of sandhills during the dust storm that separated him from the Traskes, and he had to camp there while his black boys, who had smoke signalled some of their tribe, went off to a prospector's camp.

"Then, when the prospector came along and helped us out, there was a long search for tracks. But we found the truck, and the rest was easy."

But there's something that Landon seldom tells, and that is why the Traskes, who seemed to be riding for a fall, now get along so well together. Landon seldom tells, but he knows why.

He knows that whenever nerves are frayed, one or the other will say :

"Don't you remember when we were at the waterhole, how we recalled the trifling things that once had seemed serious? Don't you remember we said we could laugh over such things if we ever got back to civilisation?"

"Yes," the other will nod gravely.

"Well—*let's laugh*. . . . !"

A MAN AND THE MAID

By A. C. BARRETT

There's a mysterious haunting power not yet understood by mankind and the

EYES HAVE IT

BY SOPHIA LAUTERBACH

The late Dr. Thoma, famous Viennese psychologist, who hypnotised 180 people at once at Vienna University, is seen here with a Roumanian Princess who helped him with his psychic experiments

"IT'S only suggestion," people will say of some of the methods employed to cure "nervous" cases, as though they were relegating the treatment to the rubbish heap. Most people would far rather submit to the surgeon's knife, than allow their minds to be influenced by a physician.

Yet they lose sight of the fact that they cannot escape this influence, whatever form of medical treatment they undergo. The curative value of a box of pills may lie as much in the faith with which their doctor has inspired them as in its medicinal properties.

"Ninety per cent. water," a jaunty little practitioner once said to me, waving in the air a bottle of pink physic with an honesty almost amounting to cynicism.

The value of treatment by suggestion should not be underrated. Where illness is due in the first place to some nervous condition or troublesome lack of adjustment in the patient's mind, it is the mind that has to be persuaded to recover, if any cure is to be lasting. Suggestion in one form or another is a means to that end.

Treatment by suggestion is not so old as the hills, but certainly as old as civilisation. In fact, if one may say so without irreverence, it was a method of cure not unknown by saints and prophets. It has come down right through the centuries.

Suggestion was strong in the love potions of witches, the spells of medicine men and the "evil eye," used to kill instead of to cure. It was employed by Coué and its effects are apparent to-day in the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The most forthright expression of suggestion is found in hypnotism which Franz Mesmer was the first to discover. The long trail he blazed led directly to the discovery of the unconscious processes in the mind. This revolutionised our understanding of mind, as well as the treatment of nervous illnesses.

He was born, of simple people, on Lake Constance, two hundred years ago, played truant from school when a small boy, passed his medical examination with honours at the age of thirty-one and married a wealthy widow.

Her money gave him the opportunity to investigate the effect of the "cures" of a court astrologer, who was treating patients with magnets of various shapes and sizes. These magnets were Mesmer's first method of inducing a hypnotic state and he for some time thought his cures were the effect of a "magnetic fluid" passing into the patient's body.

His wife was useful, indirectly, too. She happened to have a companion who suffered from every type of physical disability to which neurotics are heir. Her presence in his household was most fortunate for Mesmer. With his battery of magnets, he succeeded in causing her symptoms to disappear.

She suffered from convulsions, toothache, earache, depression, hallucinations, trances, swooning attacks, temporary blindness, breathlessness, transient attacks of paralysis and other complaints, but she was finally cured, married and became the happy mother of three healthy children.

For a time, Mesmer became the fashion and Viennese ladies wore "magnetised clothes," ate soup from "magnetised soup plates," just as a short time ago New York society adopted the Freudian cult.

Later Mesmer found that a magnet or any other apparatus was unnecessary, for he could even hypnotise a patient who was in the next room.

He suffered many misfortunes in the course of his life. The medical profession of his day, true to type, regarded as suspect and refused to recognise cures, which were brought about in an unorthodox fashion. He should have been acclaimed "the father of morbid psychology," but he died at the end of a long life of discouragement and disappointment.

Since Mesmer's day, we have travelled far. It was for others to find out that through hypnosis, people could be made to forget things they knew quite well, or that during hypnosis, they could be made to recall things they had long forgotten. One day it was discovered that the whole thing turned on influencing the patient's will. That fact is the corner-stone of even very recent advances in the treatment of mental disorders or maladjustment.

There are many interesting facts about hypnotism that are not widely known. For instance, if the discovery of chloroform had been delayed by about twenty years, hypnotism might often have been employed instead. Just before chloroform was discovered, one hypnotised man had had his leg amputated at the thigh while in a hypnotic sleep, without having suffered pain.

Esdaile, an English doctor in India, had performed at least three hundred operations, some quite serious, under hypnosis without giving pain. Later, a woman had sixteen tooth stumps extracted by a dentist, to whom she had to travel some distance, after hypnosis. She had been told that when the dentist gave her a note, she would go to sleep and feel no pain, and so it happened.

Hypnosis for surgical operations has advantages over an anæsthetic, for the patient can be placed in any position without risk, it is a pleasant process, and there are no after effects. If used later to deaden painful dressings, the wound seems to heal quicker than usual. It could never be widely used, however, for only in about ten per cent. of patients can a deep enough hypnotic sleep be induced for an operation to be painlessly performed.

Yet some degree of hypnosis is possible for all, except about twenty per cent. of the population. Europeans, contrary to popular belief, are as easy to induce as Asiatics, men as women; children are easier than adults, and healthy people than nervous ones. But hypnotism cannot endow us with talents we do not normally possess, nor can it give a person mediumistic or psychic qualities.

Then the stomach has been watched under X-ray after an opaque meal has been swallowed. If the doctor suggested to the patient that he had swallowed chicken or caviare, the stomach began to exercise more powerful and quicker digestive movements. If he were told he had swallowed a lump of putty, the patient's stomach movements slackened and weakened.

Different digestive juices are produced in the stomach by different foods. Butter produces a bile juice. If the hypnotist tells the patient that he has eaten butter, bile juice is produced as surely as if the statement were true. Unfortunately, it has not been found possible to produce the nutritive effects of butter by this simple means, or some housewives might be tempted to send their family to the hypnotist when prices soar.

The value of hypnosis lies mainly in the fact that the suggestion remains active after the patient has regained his normal consciousness. One patient is said to have had a hideous squint cured in this way. On one occasion, for the amusement of a party, a lady who submitted to hypnotism, was told that the glass of wine poured out by her host, was really salt water. When awake, she began to drink, but spat it out in disgust and couldn't be convinced of her mistake.

It is wise to advocate hypnosis as a form of treatment sometimes, only when all other methods of cure have failed. The reasons for this qualification are important. The great drawback of this type of treatment is that it does not get down to causes.

If a man suffers from insomnia, it may be possible to cure his insomnia, but in so far as sleeplessness is a symptom of some deeper disorder, he is not cured of his trouble. The insomnia may return, or some other trouble, rooted in the same cause, take its place.

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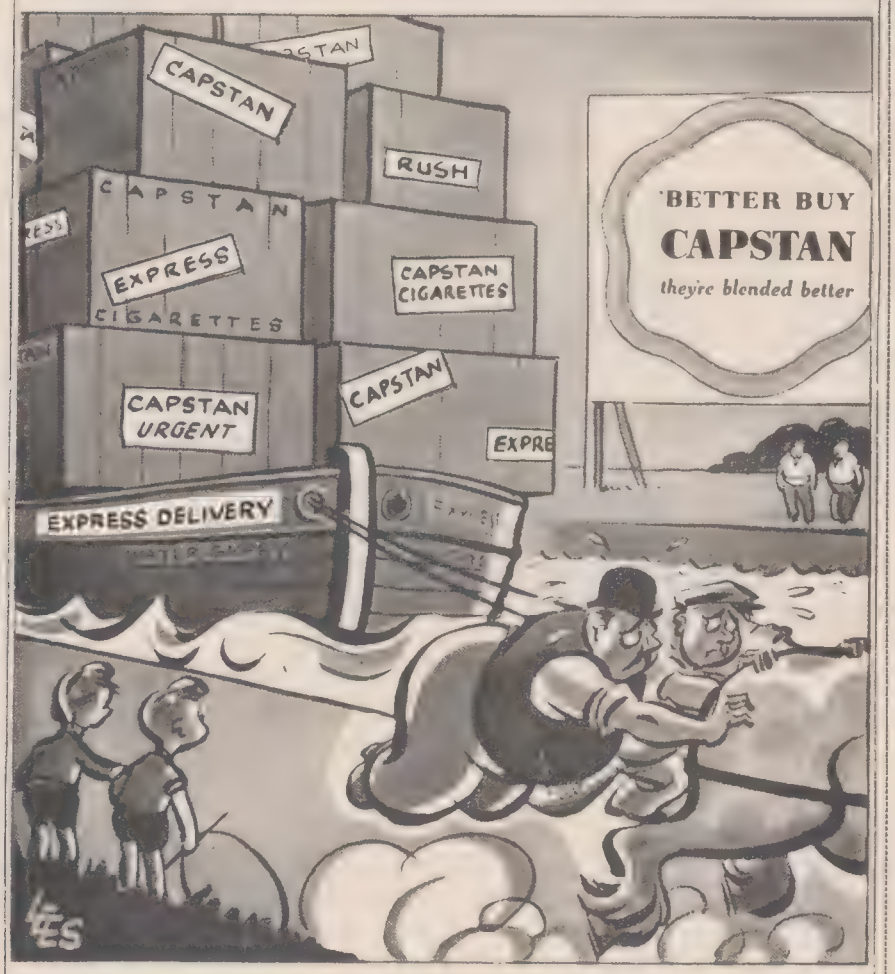

"Sink me if it don't!"

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Try a loaf to-day!

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Continuing

TEACUPS

★"THERE will be ten teacups at No. 5b Lancaster Mews, W.1, on Thursday, August 1, at 9.30 p.m. precisely. Sir Henry Merrivale is invited to attend at a demonstration with any guests he may choose to bring." Another invitation such as this, sent to Chief-Inspector Humphrey Masters a few days previously, led the police into the middle of a baffling murder mystery.

Even while they were arranging a guard, Vance Keating, wealthy young adventurer, was shot dead in the house to which Masters had been invited.

Taking their problem to Sir Henry Merrivale, the great detective, Masters and his assistant, Sergeant Pollard, are surprised by the paucity of evidence they have to offer. They know that a cigarette case found by the body was owned by Mrs. Jeremy Derwent, wife of a solicitor to a man named Dartley, who was shot dead in similar circumstances two years previously. But as soon as they learned that Keating left all his money to Mrs. Derwent, they also found she had a perfect alibi.

Police inquiries revealed that No. 5b Lancaster Mews, is owned by Benjamin Soar, young antique dealer. After having the house surrounded by police, "H. M.," Masters and Pollard force an entry only to find Jeremy Derwent waiting for them. He confesses to having sent out a fake "invitation," and turning to Soar, he says "I am prepared to prove that your father killed William Dartley."

Soar admits the truth of Derwent's accusation, explains that Dartley had been blackmailing his father and then asks what this has to do with the death of Keating, for his father has been dead for six months. Before either Masters or "H. M." can answer, Mrs. Derwent is shown into the room, and she is busy attending to Masters' questions about her relationship with Keating when two policemen announce that they have found a dagger bearing traces of fresh blood.

★

BODY IN HIDING

BY CARTER DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

MASTERS took a turn down the hall, his head lowered to cool it, and managed to keep down his rage. He gave brief directions for an invasion of the house. Then he returned to the library, carrying the articles found by his detectives still wrapped in the newspaper.

He could feel that not a word had been spoken since he left the room. Its occupants stood or sat like dummies in a waxworks; and over them, alone in the middle of the divan, was the huge Chinese waxwork of H. M. There was a kind of symbolism in the grotesque, many-armed puzzle-jug on the table. Masters saw that the atmosphere was good, and he did not speak. Without a word he put on the table the knife, the gloves, and the automatic pistol.

"That's very good," observed H. M. suddenly. "Now that we're all locked in for the night, as the ghost said in the story, maybe you'd like to know what really happened."

Every person looked at the three new articles on the table. Pollard had a feeling that nobody spoke because nobody dared to speak. Janet Derwent turned slowly round to H. M.

"It would be awfully kind of you," she assured him. "I've really been most disappointed in you." A slight flush had come into her heavy, beautiful face; sometimes her light blue eyes could take on a sort of bovine expression, which was deceptive. "Perhaps (one never can tell, can one?) perhaps one of the reasons why I came here to-night was to meet you."

"Thank'ee," said H. M., vaguely.

"Well, *aren't* you going to say anything, or ask anything?"

"Oh, all right." H. M. fished out a grimy bit of notepaper from an inside pocket. "Let's see. June 28, present year. Does that mean anything to you?"

"June 28? No."

"Uh-huh. In that case, we'll pass on to developments after that. What about July 15?"

"Really, this is quite incomprehensible. Why should you think the date June 28 meant anything to me?"

Over H. M.'s face stole his rare and terrifying smile. "No," he said. "No. That's a trick you got, my gal. You get asked one question. You give a short answer and a dig in the ribs. That stings the other feller so much that he elaborates all over the place; so you know what's in his mind, and by that time you can kick the question round like a football."

With one hand he yanked Soar to his feet. With the other he pulled the white dust-cover from the chair. A man, a piece of board propped up across his breast and face, sat bolt upright in the chair

Her eyes were dancing. "How clever of you, Sir Henry! We know you're not to be caught like that."

"That's what I mean," said H. M. "I gave you a handle about a sixteenth of an inch long, and you're twistin' it already. I forget what I was sayin' Oh, yes. Well. if neither the 28th of June interests you, nor subsequent developments on the 15th of July——"

"You want me to admit," cooed Mrs. Derwent, "that June 28 was the date on which poor Vance made a will leaving me all his property. I'm sure I didn't want his money. And now you're trying to suggest, without actually saying so, that on this 15th of July Vance made a new and different will. Now, I am in a position to know he did nothing of the kind. I can only suggest what I told Humphrey; don't tease me, please. That's what you were trying to scare me with, wasn't it?"

"Ho ho," said H. M., "who's elaboratin' now? No, it wasn't what I was tryin' to suggest. I never even thought it. You're quite right, Vance Keating didn't alter the will he made on June 28, leavin' all his money to you; and it's a perfectly good will."

"Then—really, I don't see what you're driving at."

"I only wanted to know about July 15," H. M. said, with an air of patience.

Masters interposed. "But what about July 15?" Masters demanded. "Or June 28 either? Where did you get all these dates?"

Janet turned towards him, as quick as a politician to scent a shifting wind towards a possible ally who had previously been an enemy. A slight change had come over her in the past few minutes. She was still mistress of the overblown rose; but at the moment you might not have thought so much of a Rubens woman, or of Mademoiselle de Maupin, as of Boadicea. It is certain that a vast relief went through her when H. M. admitted the validity of Keating's will.

"The dates?" rumbled H. M., scratching the side of his chin. "I got 'em by followin' my nose, at the time this afternoon when you said I was sleeping. One thing that's always struck me as interestin' in this business, Masters, is the behaviour of our friend Frances Gale——"

"Dear little Frances," said Mrs. Derwent coyly, and glanced at Soar, who was sitting motionless. "Mr. Soar only met her on Tuesday night, but I think he was terribly struck with her. . . ."

"Yes," said Soar. "I was."

"A part of her behaviour might 'a' been rational enough," pursued H. M., "considering that, after all, she'd just lost her fiancé in rather a nasty way. But it didn't altogether explain certain jumps and hops and nervous tricks. When she came to call on me at my office this morning she said something that was an eye-opener. See if you can recall the first words she said when she came whirlin' over the threshold. She said that she'd run out of her own house; run away, to get away from her father's arguing with *a whole crowd of solicitors*. A whole crowd of solicitors, Masters? That's a very literal-speaking young lady. It's conceivable that her father, with his gal remotely mixed up in a murder case, might consult a solicitor to find out where she stood. But what is old Bokey Gale, who's not a rich man, doin' in the midst of a whole buzzing crowd? And what are they arguin' about? And why does she sneak out rather than face 'em? At least it was suggestive. I know old Bokey Gale pretty well; so I thought I'd better ring him up and ask . . . Masters, do you know what Vance Keating did on the afternoon of July 15?"

"Well?"

"He got married," said H. M. "He married Frances Gale."

Over the face of Mr. Jeremy Derwent, lately shaken, began to twitch and shake a very fine smile. It was not the mere sardonic loop he had shown before. It was a relief, it was a breaking of the shell, and it broadened until Derwent was convulsed with dry laughter. His wife flashed one look at him over her shoulder and then got her voice.

"But how too, too terribly charming of them!" Mrs. Derwent cried, prettily. "A runaway elopement after Vance's most poetic style? To Gretna Green, was it? I only hope it is legal, because the dear child is under twenty-one. And in any case, Sir Henry, you acknowledge yourself that it does not in the least affect my position, since Vance did not alter his will."

"No," said H. M. "He didn't need to."

"Didn't need to?"

"Why don't you ask your husband why he's laughing?" said H. M. "Mrs. Jem, I got to break the news. Keating never altered his will; your tame solicitor who drew it would have informed you if he had. It's a perfectly good will, except that it's no good. Accordin' to the law, when any testator marries, any previous will he may have drawn automatically becomes invalid. And that's too bad. If you're mixed up in this business, if you've touched dirt at all or helped to commit one of the scummiest crimes in my experience, you've had all your pains for nothing. You'll never touch a penny."

"Jeremy," Mrs. Derwent said, quietly, after a pause. "Is this true, what he says—about the law?"

"Quite true, my dear."

"It might also interest you to know," continued H. M., never moving and never taking his eyes from her face, "just how Keating played this delicate little joke on you. For that's what it was, a joke. The whole ponderous will was a joke. That's why the ingenious Mr. Keating married Frances Gale in secret. She didn't love him overly. She married him in a burst of spite, because she'd shown Ronald Gardner how she felt and Gardner didn't love her: Gardner has never made eyes at her and, to do him justice, he never will if she's as rich as Great Catherine. She's barely twenty, d'ye see. She cares nothin' for money, if only because she's not old enough ever to 'a' felt the need for it.

"Now, listen to me, Mrs. Derwent; that will and that secret marriage were goin' to be used against you. Keating had come to have one ambition in life. You know what it was. He was goin' to make you his mistress—just once—if it was the last thing he ever did. You'd led him an awful dance around the gooseberry bush, Mrs. Jem; and, burn me, but didn't Keating feel it! He knew you were anglin' for marriage. But, once he'd done what he set out to do, he was goin' to announce that he was already married, thank you; that for months you had been living in a hashish-paradise of promises that didn't exist and a will that wasn't the paper to start a fire; and so good-bye, cheerio, and be damned to you.

"Better shove your hand over her mouth, Masters," H. M. added, bleakly. "I think she's goin' to yell."

She did not scream, though she opened her mouth to do so. Janet Derwent was sitting upright in the chair; and it struck Pollard that she had never looked so beautiful, because she was upheld now by a certain dignity. You might call it the dignity of humiliation. In less than five minutes she had taken such a fall as she might never before have known; and you suddenly found that it was possible to sympathise with her.

"I say, Merrivale," Derwent interposed. "This has gone far enough."

"Oh, I know," said H.M., despondingly. "I get into some almighty messes, don't I, with my sittin' and thinkin'? Cases get to be too human all of a sudden, don't they? Real, living people gather up round you; you're not analysin' X and Y and you feel as you'd feel at a party if you spat in the soup, or slapped the hostess's face. Do you think I enjoy this?"

"May I compliment you on that much elementary decency," said Mrs. Derwent, in no affected tone now. She rose. "If you will allow me to go——"

"No," said H. M.

His voice was heavy and quiet. And there occurred a slight, almost imperceptible tipping of the scales, when all things had been balanced. For a quality of expression, quick and crafty and unpleasant, flashed across Janet Derwent's face and they all saw it. She turned round to her husband.

"Jeremy," she said, "Jeremy, darling, take me out of here. Oh, for God's sake take me out of here! I'll do anything you ask, anything; only protect me, and back me up whatever they say about me; and take me out of here now, before——"

"Just one moment, Jem," interrupted H. M. "There's another side to it. You know now, don't you, when Keating planned to explode his little surprise-cracker about the will and the secret marriage? He was goin' to explode it yesterday afternoon, when he *thought* he was going to the shrine of the Ten Teacups; when he *thought* he was going to

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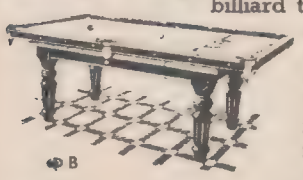

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Continuing Ten Teacups

meet your wife there. And that's why she'll have to explain her connection with it, whether she's innocent or not. What sort of mumbo-jumbo ritual, or assignation, or promise of an assignation Keating thought he would find at Berwick Terrace —well, I dunno. It doesn't matter a hoot, because we know there's no such thing as the Ten Teacups. We know the entire stage-settin' was a trap and a hoax, built up on the circumstances of Dartley's murder, to entice Keating in and get the eyes of the police full of sand. We know what Keating did find; a broken spine and the back blown out of his head. But that's not all, son. Because, d'ye see, the enemy is here again to-night. At least, he's been here."

"The enemy" repeated Derwent.

The door to the hall opened, and Sergeant Banks, followed by Sugden and Wright, came in. The hall behind them was illuminated now.

"Sir," the sergeant reported to Masters, "we've just finished proving—what I told you it'd be. Every room in the house is lighted; we sent round to a hotel and got a box of electric globes. We've sounded the walls, we've seen to everything in the house and there's still nobody here. I suppose you've had a good look in this room yourself, have you?"

"Yes, I've had a good lcok in this room," Masters replied, grimly. "But fire away! Everything you like. Comb it through."

"Quiet, everybody," said H. M.. "Now watch 'em."

In silence, with not even a curious glance at its occupants, the three began their search—though there was nowhere to search. There was no cupboard in the room; and their tappings on the wall disclosed no secret panel. They took up a part of the carpet; they shifted the tables; they even probed under the divan (three inches off the floor) and pulled the dust-covers off the big leather chairs that were not occupied. Nobody spoke while it was being done.

"Satisfied, sir?" inquired Banks.

H. M. lumbered up from the divan. He walked across and stood in front of Soar, who had not moved; only Soar's eyes moved.

"Son," said H. M., gently, "you'd better own up. What you've done to-night is one of the hardest tests for sheer pluck I can think of; and I've been wonderin' whether any of the rest of us would have had the guts to go through with it. I don't know why you're doin' it at all. But you'd better get up now."

"Get up?" Soar asked, huskily. "What's wrong? Why should I get up?"

"Because there's a dead man sitting in that chair under you," said H. M. "And you've had the nerve to cover him ever since they began to search the house, so they'd never think of looking there."

With one hand he yanked Soar to his feet. With the other he pulled the white dust-cover from the chair. It was not a great leather chair like the others: it was of wood and wicker, with a high back and a top like a canopy. A man, whom they could not identify because a piece of board had been propped up across his breast and face, sat bolt upright in the chair. Another piece of board lay across his lap; so that, with the chair draped, it would take the outline of any other. The man's arms were tied to the chair-arms with twine, and other pieces of twine ran round his chest through the wicker back. Only his white hands and knuckles showed and legs ending in two polished shoes, that had been pushed back flat at angles in a parody of life.

Masters flung away the boards and slashed at the twine with a pocket-knife. The body pitched sideways and out, its grizzled hair rumpled; and they could see that it was Alfred Edward Bartlett, valet; and, by the blood and the ragged tear, they could see that Bartlett had been stabbed to death through the back.

"No," Masters said heavily. "Nobody leaves this room."

Janet Derwent's screams were real screams now; not of lung-power, but of thin and piercing intensity. They shook the raw nerves of everyone present, and were ended only by her bolting for the door, where Banks caught her. There seemed an overpowering silence after them.

The dead man, with his crooked nose and his grizzled hair, lay on his left side near the chair. There was about his brown mackintosh no trace of mud or wetness, except the blood which had made sodden the back of his coat. They looked from him to the heavy double-edged blade on the table, where it lay between the pistol and the stained gloves.

With unsteady steps Benjamin Soar walked as far away as he could from his late place, and sat down again. He was breathing like a man who has been long under water; but, after resting quietly for a moment, he peered up with a sweated and whimsical smile.

"Well, I'm glad that's over," he said to Masters, in a startlingly ordinary tone. "You've given me a bad time all evening. First I thought you were out to nab me for the murder of Keating. Then you almost did nab me for the murder of Dartley. And all the time that—that lifeless piece of sawdust was under the cover of the chair. Unless there's something wrong with my income-tax, I don't see what more I could have done."

It is only when a man begins making feeble jokes that you realise the reaction has set in. Masters regarded him with grim satisfaction.

"You've done quite enough for one evening," Masters told him. "This has just about torn it, my lad." He became formal. "I must tell you I've not got a warrant, but I'll risk that. Benjamin Soar: I arrest you for the murder of A. E. Bartlett. It is my duty to tell you that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used as evidence."

"So that's the proper formula, is it?" asked Soar, looking at him curiously. His mind seemed to be fixed with heavy dullness on one small point, and to play with it and slap at it like a cat with a ball of wool. "'Taken down in writing, and——' I'd heard we usually got the wording wrong, and that 'in evidence against you' was never used. So that's right."

"Do you understand what I'm saying to you?" Masters questioned, sharply. The chief inspector seemed uneasy. "Mr. Soar! Do you hear me?"

"Eh? Oh, yes. Quite."

Janet Derwent, near the door with Banks' hand on her arm, drew a slight breath; and her looks took on an immovable placidity as she fastened the white velvet wrap round her neck.

"So you have caught him," she observed, without rancour, but with a melodious far-away air, like a heroine in a play. "There is only one thing I cannot forgive. I cannot forgive your sending that gold cloth to me, Benjy; sending it to me yourself, to throw nasty suspicion——"

Soar put up his head and became rational again.

"Look here, Mrs. Derwent. I am the only one here who hasn't pitched into you to-night. I don't advise you to begin pitching into me." He addressed Masters. "Inspector, I didn't do it."

"You are not obliged," said Masters, "to make any state——"

"Oh, have sometning to chew on," offered Soar. "You won't believe me. I can't reasonably expect that you should, but, just for the information of future ages, I—did—not—kill him. Why should I kill him, may I ask? Bartlett, of all people!"

"Just so. Why should anybody kill him? And if you didn't kill him, who did?"

"I don't know. I hid the body—yes, yes, I admit that; make what you can of it. Which appears to mean that I've been accessory after the fact on two occasions, once for Dartley and once for that poor devil over there. However, since I'm under arrest for murder——"

"You're not under arrest for murder, son," interposed H. M.

Masters whirled round. "Here, stop a bit! What's this? Why isn't he under arrest? If——"

"Because I say he ain't," roared H. M., with such a sudden blast that Banks let go of Mrs. Derwent's arm. "Another little reason is that he's not guilty. God damn my scarlet socks and britches, Masters, but you've been complainin' all day how I've acted like Old Man River

by **Carter Dickson**

and how I've stayed asleep in spite of all your piteous pleas. All right. I'm awake now and I'm takin' charge. Siddown. You, Mrs. Jem, oblige me by goin' back to where you were sittin' before." He faced them from in front of the fireplace. "No, Masters, don't move that body. It'll serve its purpose where it is."

"In that case," said Masters, "I shall have to have a reason or two. Sugden!"

"Sir?"

"You will stick to your report that, before we got here to-night, only three men came into this house?"

Sugden had been asked the question so many times that he was tending to sizzle. "Yes, sir. It wasn't only me that saw 'em; ask any of the others. They——"

"No back-talk, my lad. We've identified these as Mr. Soar, Mr. Derwent, and the unknown who came in by the side door at eight-fifteen. That unknown was Bartlett, who was stabbed here. . . . Do you deny that, Sir Henry?"

"No. Oh, no. That was Bartlett, all right."

"Just so. And by what you'd call the process of elimination," Masters declared, "the murderer must have been only one of two people. Mr. Soar—or Mr. Derwent. Eh? If you don't choose Mr. Soar, you choose the other."

"Jeremy, darling," cried Mrs. Derwent, piteously, "you *didn't*!"

Derwent, who had been standing with his hands clasped behind his back and regarding them with a mysterious pleasantness, inclined his head.

"To be quite frank about it, my dear, I didn't," he said. "Nevertheless, I see the force of the inspector's proposition, and I do not object to it. Was that your idea, Merrivale?"

"Not necessarily. No, Jem, not necessarily."

"You don't mean the invisible murderer?" demanded Masters.

"Yes," said H. M., nodding his head gravely, "I mean the invisible murderer." He looked at Soar. "Let's hear what happened here to-night, son. We understand you got here at close on a quarter-past eight yourself, and Bartlett walked in only a minute or so later. I rather suspect you'd been in a blue and corpse-like funk all day, hadn't you, ever since you got a phone message from Mrs. Derwent sayin' that she'd heard—she'd *heard*—the Ten Teacups were to meet at your place to-night? What did you think of it?"

Soar considered. He was still so jumpy that he could not keep his eyes off the body on the floor, but H. M. made no move to have it covered.

"I thought Derwent had gone out of his head at last."

"That seems to be the general impression," Derwent observed, taking out his cigar-case with great deliberation. "But, why?"

"Because you're a persevering ghost. Because for a long time you've been at your haunting. Because you've been trying to convict my father or me of Dartley's murder for two years. When you couldn't do it, I thought the obsession might have gone far enough for you really to commit murder—in my house—so that I should hang for it."

"Your Celtic imagination," said Derwent, lighting a cigar and looking at him sideways out of the smoke.

Pollard thought: Something's going to happen here. Look out! Danger! Or is this my own far-from-Celtic imagination?

"You're right," Soar continued, to H. M., "about my being in what you call a blue and corpselike funk. I wouldn't have come back to the house at all: I'd have gone to the police: I'd have gone among friends and established an alibi; there were a dozen things I might have done to strike back—if only I hadn't remembered that cursed puzzle-jug locked up in my safe. So I had to come back. I can tell you it wasn't a pleasant house to come home to in the rain, especially as I thought I saw a policeman's helmet over near that street-lamp outside.

"I came in by the front door and hung up my hat and coat in the hall. It wasn't a few seconds more than that when I heard a noise like a bump, coming from the direction of this room. I came back here, but nothing seemed to be wrong. Then I opened the door to that passage leading out to the side door. And I saw *him*." Soar nodded towards Bartlett. "He was lying on his face in the passage, with his head towards me. He had a mackintosh on, and a bowler hat fallen off and the handle of that knife was sticking up between his shoulder-blades."

"Dead?" asked Masters.

"Not quite. You see, he was—crawling. He was crawling towards me."

"Just so. Like Dartley."

"A very subtle thrust, Inspector. Thanks. Like my nightmares of Dartley, yes. There was no light in the passage, except what came from this room, so I dragged him in here. I suppose he had just got out of a cab; his mack and shoes were hardly wet, and there was very little blood. But it was no good. He died before I could do anything."

Masters went over and opened the door to the passage. Carpeted in yellowish-brown matting, with the blue vases in niches against the walls, it stretched away straight to the side door. There was no other door.

"Assuming this is true—which I don't say it is, mind!" insisted Masters, pouncing. "What did you think had happened to the murderer?"

"You flatter me," Soar said, dryly. "I did not think. Afterwards I supposed he must have followed that poor devil through the side door, stabbed him in the back, and slipped out the side door again."

"Was the side door locked, then?"

"No. I remember, because I locked it afterwards. That was how Bartlett must have got in. He certainly didn't have a key."

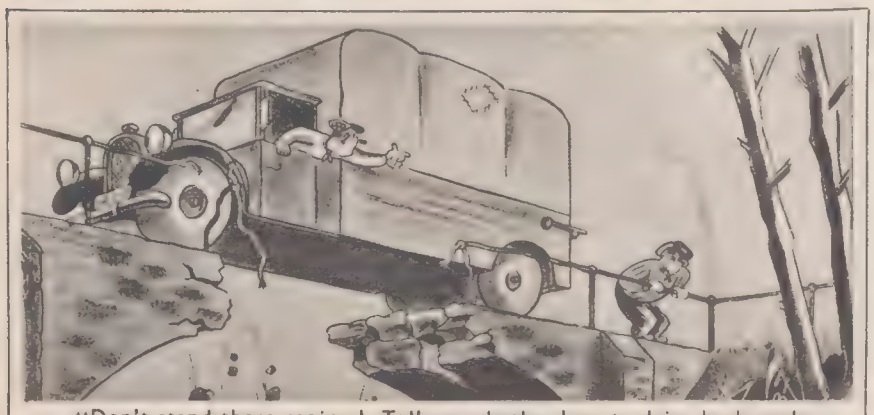
Masters addressed his subordinates.

"Now then; let's hear from our watch-dogs. What d'you all say about this? Could anybody have followed Bartlett through the side door, stabbed him, and gone out again? You were watching." He listened with a certain satisfaction while he received sizzling testimony that no other person had been anywhere near that side door, either to go in, or to go out. "That seems pretty clear; eh, Mr. Soar? Just so. Consequently, if we believe your story, the murderer must have come *into* the house, by way of that passage and through this room? That is to say, however he approached Bartlett, he must have left the body and come back through this room, since he didn't go out the side door?"

"Oh, God, I suppose so."

"You must have seen him, then. Yet you say you didn't."

(*please turn over*)



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Continuing Ten Teacups — *by* Carter Dickson

Soar opened one eye. "If it comes to that, Inspector, your whole confounded force has been searching this house without seeing him, either. Yet they swear he is still inside. I have done some abnormally foolish things, I admit; but still that doesn't give you the right to have it both ways. If you can believe them, you can believe me."

"Can I, by George? We'll see about that. Mr. Soar, I arr——"

"That's the second time you've done it," said H. M. "Lordloveaduck, Masters, will you be quiet a second? So Bartlett died on your hands, did he, son? What happened then?"

"Somebody knocked at the front door," answered the other.

There was a pause.

"You will kindly think of my position," suggested Soar. "I had reason to think that somebody was deliberately manœuvring me into a snare which should end with a well-soaped rope and a ten-foot drop. Here was proof of it. Here was a dead man lying on the floor, with a newspaper spread out under him to take any splashes of blood; lying there like an unwrapped parcel; and the door-knocker rapping away without a stop. I ran upstairs and looked out of the window over the front door. It was Derwent; I knew him by his pleated cape. At that moment I could have believed he was the devil. I also knew it was no good refusing to answer the door; for I thought he would only bring the police in if I didn't. . . .

"Well, you know what I did : the old Purloined Letter trick : body out in plain sight, but unnoticed by anybody because at a pinch I could sit on it as a chair. And I did it in not much more than two minutes, with twine and short book-case-shelves as boards : one of the advantages of moving house is that string and loose bookcase-shelves are all over the place. I had to take the knife out of him, though, because he wouldn't sit back in the wicker chair. Then I draped a white chair-cover over the whole affair, letting the long edges drop so that you couldn't see his feet. I wrapped the knife in a newspaper and hung up his bowler hat in the hall; then I answered the door. But I forgot the evening gloves I had put on to do it, so that I shouldn't get blood on my hands; and I had to shove my hands into my pockets when I met you. I was hardly, however, in a mood to shake hands."

"You thought," Derwent said, harshly, "that *I* had——" he pointed to the body.

Soar was polite. "Will you tell me what I was bound to think," he returned, "when immediately after you arrived there was a thunderous whacking at the front door? I had to go upstairs again and look out, even at risk of leaving you alone here."

Masters nodded. "That's better ! Then it was you standing up at that window, with your gloves on, and a gun in your hand?"

"Rather than make you think I intended to put a bullet through you," the other said, his heavy chest swelling, "I will admit I was of half a mind to put a bullet through myself. Why moralise? There it is. I tell you I stood in the dark up there and I had a hundred feelings at once. But you went away—or I thought you did. I took off my gloves and put on a dressing-gown. Then I came downstairs; and found you here. Why I didn't give the show away then and there, I don't know. And then Derwent flung that business of my father in my face. I saw a line of soaped ropes and a line of hangmen, like a drunken man. It was only when things kept on moving and *still* nobody spotted the body that I began to think you would never find it; and I challenged you. I threw it in your face. If I could keep still enough, and keep myself from wobbling in that dummy's lap, I thought you might be satisfied and go away. I'm like that. My God I need brandy !" added Soar, "but I don't think there's any in the house."

Masters turned to H. M., "Do you believe this, sir?"

H. M. nodded. He lumbered over and stood in front of Janet Derwent, who had sat down again.

"I'm going to ask you whether *you* believe it," said H. M, "But you didn't expect that, did you?" He jerked his thumb grimly towards Bartlett. "Mrs. Jem, I can't play about any longer. I'm givin' you your last chance. Will you speak up and tell us what you know about this business, or have I got to turn nasty? I don't honest-Injun dislike you, but I could wish you'd 'a' been a little less virtuous, and an awful mess might 'a' been avoided. Now I warn you : on Tuesday night, at the Murder party, our friend Soar had a vision of you with a rope around your neck. If you keep on in the present way, it'll be less a vision than a prophecy."

"You don't mean that. You are bluffing me. You—you don't even know why Bartlett was killed. . . ."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied H. M., almost gently. "He was killed because he knew too much. He knew why Vance Keating wore a hat."

You would have said it was a commonplace enough reply, not to say a meaningless one ; but Janet Derwent lost her nerve. She lost it as abruptly as though a chemical process had got out of control ; as though that great white marbly beauty were disintegrating or growing flabby. As she looked back up at him, H. M.'s expression became more grim.

"I'm sorry to see you know as well," H. M. growled. "I sorta hoped you didn't. Now play your ace of trumps ; say I don't know how the invisible murderer worked the trick of invisibility, and consequently I can't make an arrest"

"You don't and you can't."

"The first shot," said H. M., "was much more muffled than the second. Does that mean anything to you?"

She put her hands up to her temples. "I never did it. I never killed him. I knew nothing about it. I——"

"But you're a sensible woman, Mrs. Jem," pursued H.M., "and you'll have realised it's the end of you now. Once, a couple of years ago (I think it was in that White Priory case) I made a generalisation. I said there were only three *motives* for a murderer to create a locked-room situation. I said there was, first, the suicide fake; second, the ghost-fake; third, a series of accidents which the murderer couldn't help. Well, I was wrong. When I was gradually tumblin' to the way in which this little sleight-o'-hand trick was worked, I saw a fourth motive, the neatest and most intelligent of all. A super-cunning criminal has at last realised the legal value of impossibility; and he's realised that, if he can really create an impossible situation, he can never be convicted for murder no matter if all the other evidence is strong enough to hang a bench of bishops. He is not tryin' to evade the detecting power of the law so much as to evade the punishing power. He's realised that, set beside impossibility, all other methods of coverin' his tracks are clumsy and uncertain.

"Look here ! An ordinary criminal sets out to commit a murder and cover his tracks—how? Usually with an alibi. He tampers with clocks. He gets on and off bicycles or trains; he fools about with time-tables or steeple-jack stunts; he winds himself up in a shroud of red tape, doin' the most dangerous thing of all because every point must depend on somebody else ; every point brings complication after complication; every point puts him into fresh danger of bein' caught in a lie.

"But suppose, on the other hand, he can kill his victim in such a way that the police can't tell *how* it was done?—a locked room, a body alone in snow, whatever you like? The police may be certain he did it. He may be found with blood on his hands and blood-money in his pocket. If they dare to bring him to court, judge and jury may be certain he did it. Yet if the Crown can't show how he did it, he must be acquitted. A court of law ain't a court of probability; it's a court of certainty. He's pinning his faith to the whole crux of criminal law—the reasonable doubt.

"This person's not, in the sense we know it, a super-criminal. I doubt if the intentions are basically criminal at all. The murderer of Vance Keating is only a mighty intelligent and mighty imaginative person who's realised a new way to dodge justice, by riskin' an awful long chance. But once any dunderheaded investigator tumbles to the trick, the murderer's done for. Of course, he's done for whatever trick he uses, once they know how he faked his alibi or concealed his weapon; but he's finished, tied, and triple damned when the impossible situation is shown not to be impossible at all. Mrs Jem, I'm givin' you your last chance to turn King's Evidence. Who killed Keating and Bartlett? Will you tell me, or shall I tell you?"

"I——"

"All right," said H. M., in a different voice. "If you won't, you won't. Now, Masters, I'll just put the facts smack out in front of you, and you can deci——"

"I beg your pardon," the woman interrupted in a calm, cold voice. "I am not, as you say, a fool. You cannot bully or trap me into saying anything I do not wish to say; and you cannot make me hysterical; but I know my duty, and any mistaken altruism that may have led me to shield the murderer is gone now. You might as well know that Keating was killed by——"

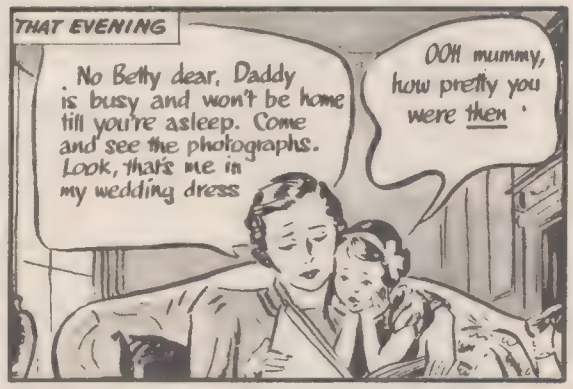
The door to the hall suddenly opened.

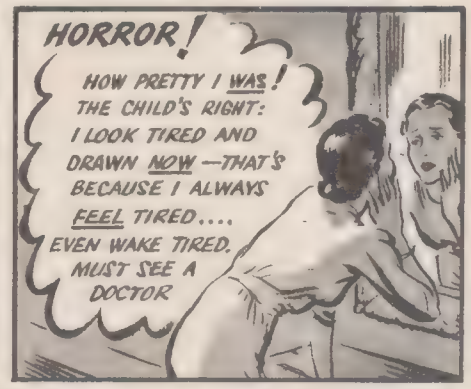
NEXT WEEK
"I killed Keating"

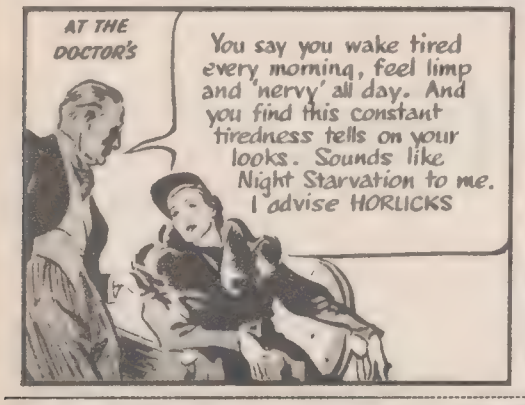
OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

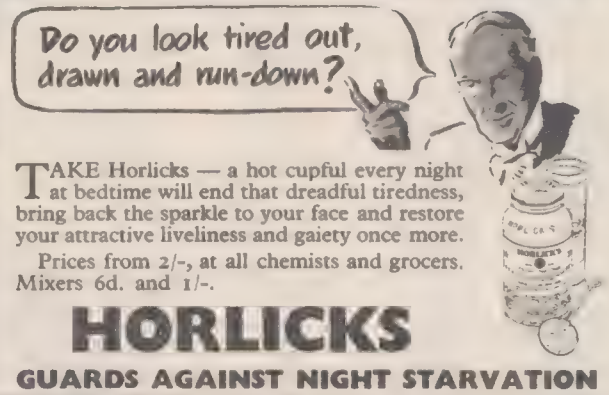
Marriage can last if...

10 YEARS PASSED.... RICHES CAME, BUT THEY DID NOT BRING HAPPINESS









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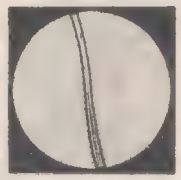
Why FAIR HAIR should never be washed with a shampoo used for BRUNETTES



Microscopic reproduction of single fair hair. Note slender fineness.

Microscopic reproduction of single dark hair. Note greater thickness.

The appearance of your hair, whether it's light or dark, depends on *one vitamin* in your scalp. If your scalp is lacking in this vitamin, or if you wash it away with certain shampoos, your hair will get dry and brittle. Now look at the reproductions on the right. The dark hair is coarse and strong; the fair hair fine and delicate. A strand of dark hair is sometimes 5 *times as thick as a strand of fair hair.* A shampoo strong enough to clean the one may dry out the other. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use the same shampoos as brunettes. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair begin to fade.

What they need is Sta.blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. Sta.blond contains ViteF, *the same vitamin which nature puts in the hair* and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta.Blond not only prevents fair hair from darkening, but brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to hair grown mousy and dull.

If you want a bleach, don't buy Sta.blond, but if you want to keep fair hair lovely as nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use.

WARNING

Wash your hands with any soapless shampoo. Notice how dry and scaly they feel afterwards. That's exactly what these harsh chemical soap-substitute shampoos do to your hair. They dry out all the natural oil from scalp and roots.

A good *soap shampoo* like Sta-blond will *not* remove the natural oils. Sta-blond removes only the film of grease which hides the natural lustre.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

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VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

PRISCILLA KAYES, young and attractive brunette, with the lovely streamlined figure of a dancer, finds lion-training the world's most satisfying job. I met her at the circus at Olympia last night, after she had left the cage where, as the ruler of seven lions, she walks fearlessly and with all the feline grace of one of her huge pets.

I found her to be unassuming and natural, too. In fact, anything less like a lion trainer would be hard to find. When I asked Priscilla why she had chosen such a strange job, she explained that she had always been in and about the circus, for her family had established a well-known circus name.

She was born in Sheffield and started out as an equestrienne (her two brothers take part in a bare-back riding act in this year's circus,) but two years ago she suddenly decided that she would like to train lions.

She found she had a natural power over animals and, in two years, she has become one of the foremost animal trainers of the day. You will like her, too, when you see her, for she is brave as well as beautiful and her utter fearlessness is a thing to wonder at—and applaud.

★ From all this you will gather that I've been to the circus. Well, I'm not the only person in this office who looks forward every year to this show. To the editor of THE PASSING SHOW it is *the* treat of the winter, and I've known him to say, perhaps as early as November when maybe there was a thick fog and things were going wrong in the office, "Anyhow, there is something to look forward to—it'll soon be the circus."

I remember the thrill I got the first time I ever saw this circus, and it is not difficult to recapture that thrill when you get the same excited feeling every year. It really is one of the shows you can see year after year without feeling bored. You go there knowing what to expect, yet there is always something different. I never come away

BEAUTY IN THE LION'S DEN

disappointed from Olympia after seeing the circus.

This year there are jugglers, acrobats whose leader, lying on his back, catapults his troupe skywards from the soles of his feet, bareback riders, a troupe of men and girls who do the most incredible things on bicycles, pole-balancing, with the girl member of the troupe balancing on the top of two poles, and the gayest little bears, just like real live Teddy bears, riding bicycles and seeming to enjoy every moment of the show.

Then there is Koringa, the only female fakir in the world, mesmerising crocodiles and snakes, dancing on razor-sharp swords and allowing herself to be buried in sand for more then five minutes, yet coming forth none the worse.

★ When I was in New York I rediscovered the attraction of ice skating, while visiting the ice rink in Fifth Avenue. I used to be very keen on skating, but for years I haven't been near a rink in London.

Now I have started all over again, and the other evening, when I was watching the skaters at one of the London rinks, I was amazed how the people differed in appearance. Some looked so slovenly and some so smart, and I realised that it was mainly a matter of figure control.

I'm not asking skaters, or sports-girls, to put themselves into armour so that when they are playing games they may look attractive but feel *awful*. But they should be careful about their belts.

I know a special sports belt that will keep you shapely without discomfort. There are various models, and they can all be washed indefinitely and do not slip up, even when worn without suspenders. If you want further particulars I shall be only too pleased to tell you how to cut a good figure on the ice, even though you are not an expert skater!

Let me add, too, that I can recommend these belts for all growing schoolgirls. If you are in the throes of getting a going-back-to-school trousseau ready for your daughter it will be well worth your while to look at this particular make.

★ If you want to cheer up an old winter dress that buttons up the front of the bodice, take off the buttons and in their place sew two or three artificial cherries by the stalks. You can slip these through the buttonholes instead of the buttons.

Around the buttonholes either embroider or appliqué the artificial cherry leaves. You will be very pleased with the effect of your old dress with its new and novel fastening.

★ A friend with whom I was having dinner the other evening served the most delicious potatoes I have ever tasted.

She said that she'd found the recipe in a book containing many unusual ways of cooking vegetables. After dinner she showed it to me and six other valuable books of cookery hints.

I've got those books now and they're worth their weight in gold. The recipe book, called "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," is most helpful, for it tells you how to do the simple things as well as the difficult.

Another original thing about it is that it gives a foundation recipe for every class of cookery, and then tells you of additions that will alter the whole aspect of the original dish.

For instance, there is a foundation recipe for small plain cakes. By adding different ingredients to this you can produce rock cakes, London buns, lemon rocks, sultana cakes, sugar buns, raisin buns, orange rocks, citron buns, cinnamon cakes, coconut rocks and ginger cakes. Puddings, soups, sauces, etc., are all dealt with in the same sensible way.

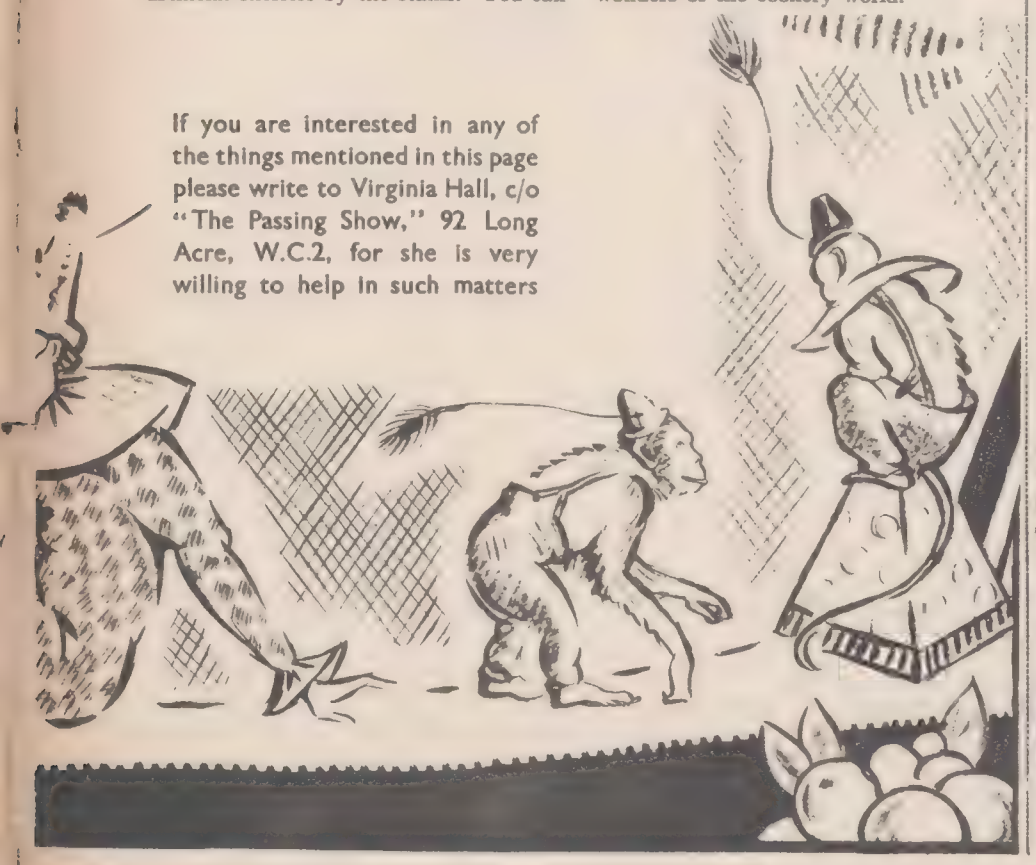
The other six books are called "A Lesson in Pastry Making," "A Lesson in Soup and Sauce Making," "A Lesson in Cake Making," "A Lesson in Making Puddings," "A Lesson in Icing Cakes" and "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a New Way."

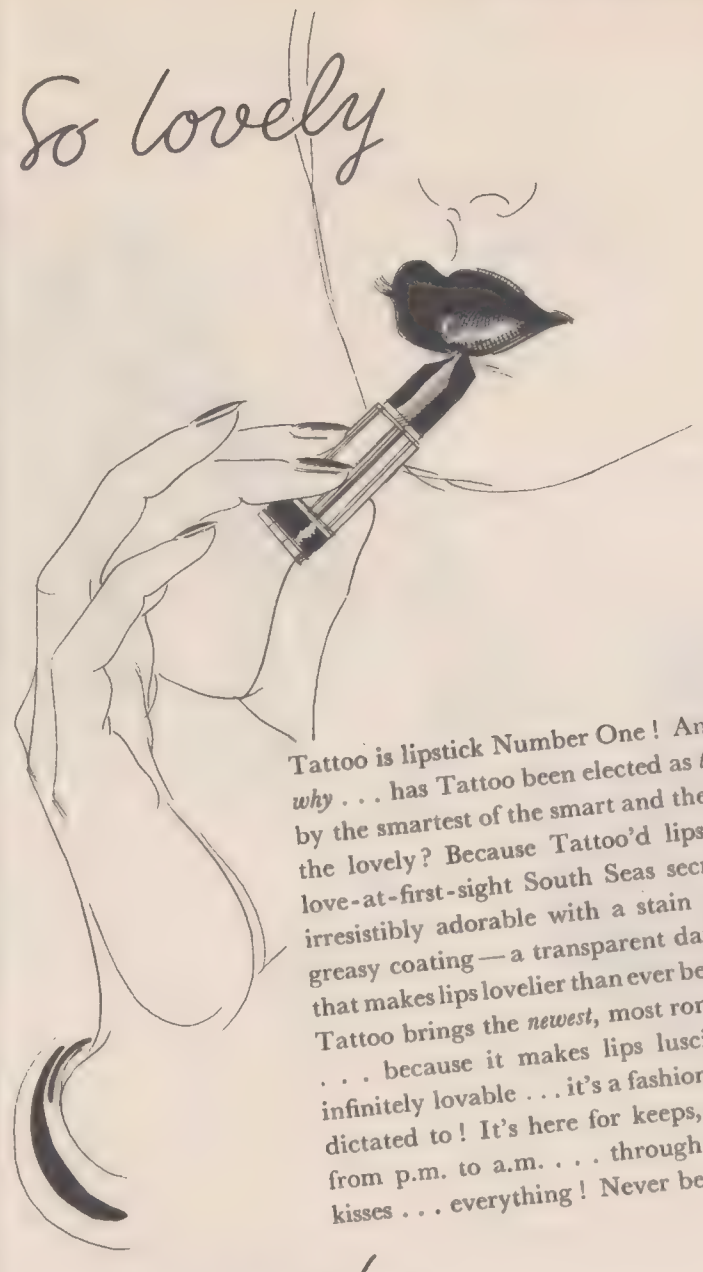
These books, too, are essentially the same, for not only do they tell you *how* to do things, but they also tell you why you have failed. At the end of each of these books is a tabulated list of faults, causes of such, and how to avoid them.

I have told lots of my friends about these marvellous books and when they have got them, they, too, have been delighted.

It will be worth your while, therefore, to write to me, enclosing 1½d. to cover part cost of postage, and marking your envelopes "Cookery" so that I can send them to you, too. They are the seven wonders of the cookery world.

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters





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BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

Mr. Pridge raised his arm and pointed at the bishop's plate and mumbled. There was a quail on the plate

REQUESTING NO MIRACLES

THERE was once a young man named Danvis Pridge. Of his intellectual scope the least said the soonest mended, but he had natural tact and a streak of persistence which combined make brains a liability rather than an asset. When he wanted something he went after it without stopping to think whether it would be worth much when he got it and so he was happy. And it was plain that he was headed for success in any line which he elected, except pure thought.

Well, by prominence in student affairs and by judiciously soaping the faculty, Mr. Pridge had obtained a degree in a good minor college. Here he had gathered the ends of as many wires as possible in his hands and on graduation, he gave them all a strong jerk and pulled down a job. It was a good job with a wholesale concern of some kind named Handy-Coots, Inc. and it took him to Washington.

Now, in Washington lived Mr. Thurlow Wallaby, the distinguished author. Mr. Wallaby was tall and leonine, even to the mane of tawny hair which he tossed as he strode the platform in the heat of exposition. In dress he was slightly *dégagé* to sustain the intellectual note. His first book *After Einstein What?* had been a Book of the Month and had been quickly followed by *The Universe Explained* and *What Is Life?* and then, as if that were not enough, by *A Short Outline of Everything*. He was now at work on an expanded edition of this last to be known as *The Mansion of Knowledge*.

Now, since Mr. Wallaby's field was the whole field of human knowledge, nothing seems more unlikely than that Mr. Pridge should have come under his eye. But in addition to his books Mr. Wallaby had produced a daughter named Lynn and Mr. Pridge met her one night at a party on Massachusetts Avenue. Lynn was the only work of Mr. Wallaby's in which he admitted even a 50-50 collaboration, but as an explanation of the universe she was far more convincing than his other work on the subject and, as an outline, she was perfectly comprehensible to the most rudimentary intellect. So Mr. Pridge just went nuts about her.

Miss Wallaby went slightly nuts about Mr. Pridge, but she was one of those willowy, fair-haired girls and so she wanted to add him up before she committed herself. So she asked him to dinner.

Well, it was one of Mr. Wallaby's usual large dinner parties with a visiting lady novelist and a psycho-analyst and a British astronomer, who wanted a chapter to himself in *The Mansion of Knowledge*, and a few foreign embassy people for tone and a number of assorted Government employees for bulk. The company terrified Mr. Pridge, for the conversation was so much duller than anything he had been accustomed to that he was sure it was highly intellectual. So he hardly said two words all evening and Miss Wallaby, who was a snob, was cross with him. But she asked him to tea the next afternoon.

So Mr. Pridge went and at first when he was alone with her he did fine, but pretty soon other people began dropping in and the conversation got so dull that it made him feel inferior and he backed into a corner with a cocktail and a plate of sandwiches and went dumb. By and by Miss Wallaby came over and said, "What's the matter, don't you like our party?" "Oh sure," said Mr. Pridge, and Miss Wallaby said, "Well, when you finish your supper come out and join us." And she went and talked to a stiff-looking young man with a monocle and they laughed discreetly together and Mr. Pridge got mad and went home.

But Mr. Pridge's ability to take it and then hold out his plate for more did not desert him and he asked her to dinner and a show two days later; and they went and he gained back all the ground he had lost at the tea-party and maybe a little more. Just the same, he realised that it couldn't go on like that and he'd have to do something to overcome the intellectual handicap if he were to hold his own in the society that frequented the Wallaby home.

Well, he thought and thought. He had a lot of parlour tricks but they were all rather on the vulgar side. He could play the Jew's-harp and imitate a pig eating porridge and things like that but, intellectually, they lacked depth. He wished that he had spent fifteen minutes a day reading, or had learned to speak French, or done some of the things people on the backs of magazines did to win social success. So he looked through some magazines to see what people did and he saw an ad. that said: *How To Do Miracles In 10 Easy Lessons.*

Well, Mr. Pridge was interested right away, because he said a guy that could do even simple miracles would certainly be an outstanding guy in any society and so he read the ad. which was all about Joe Wheeler who used to be shy and clumsy and nobody ever asked him to come again and then he took this course and the girls just mobbed him. Of course, Mr. Pridge wasn't as badly off as Joe and he'd been mobbed several times though usually by the wrong party, but it was worth trying, so he called up the B. Satanovich Institute, which luckily had headquarters in Washington and then went right over.

The old, fiery firm is still at it, according to what happened to the bishop who tried to work several modern miracles

Well, he was received by Mr. Satanovich himself, who was a tall dark man with an oily smile and queer slanting eyes. "Can you really do what you claim?" said Mr. Pridge and Mr. Satanovich said, "Naturally, we will give you a demonstration before you sign up and also a free trial lesson so that you can assure yourself that there is no hocus-pocus involved. But first," he said, "we would like to know what type of miracle you wish to perform." "What kinds have you?" said Mr. Pridge and Mr. Satanovich said, "All kinds, but the techniques differ. The political type," he said, "which seems locally the most popular, requires a longer training than the ordinary personal kind to be used only among one's friends."

So Mr. Pridge said it was just the personal ones he wanted and Mr. Satanovich said, "Like this?" and he snapped his fingers and said, "Now feel your upper lip." And Mr. Pridge felt and he had a long drooping moustache. "You can shave it off when you get home," said Mr. Satanovich, "and that will prove to you that there is no trickery. And now here," he said, "is our contract."

Well, the contract looked all right with most of the guarantees on the instructor's side, and a clause providing for cancellation of the contract and return of tuition money if the pupil secured ten others to take the course. Though there was one funny clause, No. B2, which bound Mr. Pridge to will his immortal soul to the Institute. But Mr. Satanovich explained that the school was very old and that the form of contract dated from medieval times. "We can strike that clause out if you wish," he said, "for, of course, if you are one of those odd, old-fashioned people who still believe they have immortal souls——" And Mr. Pridge didn't want to be thought odd and old-fashioned so he waived the point and signed.

Well, the course was good all right and, even before he had completed it, Mr. Pridge worked a number of small miracles. Of course, there were limits. If it were possible for a thing to happen naturally it didn't count as a miracle and he couldn't do it. So he couldn't make Miss Wallaby fall desperately in love with him and he couldn't make her father and his friends respect him. Of course, he could have made himself intellectual but he thought life would be too dull if he did, so he didn't.

In the meantime Miss Wallaby had been thinking some about Mr. Pridge and she decided to give him one last chance so she asked him to another large dinner party. And Mr. Pridge went.

Now this was rather a special dinner, for the guest of honour was a famous bishop of the Episcopal Church whose views on religion Mr. Wallaby wished to incorporate in *The Mansion of Knowledge*. For Mr. Wallaby felt that though religion was highly conjectural, in both its premises and its conclusions, it was still considered important by many people and its inclusion would double sales. Also, a direct contribution by the bishop would cause a lot of favourable talk, since it would amount to a tacit acknowledgment by the Church of a reconciliation between science and religion.

Well, Mr. Pridge sat between Miss Wallaby and the wife of a Swedish attaché named Bergstrom. Mrs. Bergstrom had provocative blue eyes and pretty shoulders which she could shrug to within one-sixteenth of an inch of losing her shoulder strap. It seemed, to Mr. Pridge, hardly an intellectual set-up, so he told her the one about the two school-teachers and the box of corn flakes and she told him a Swedish version of what the cow said to Mussolini and they were soon *en rapport*. But pretty soon Mr. Pridge saw a black-haired man glowering at him from across the table and he said, "Who's that sour-faced guy?" and Mrs. Bergstrom said, "Ha, ha, that's my husband." Mr. Pridge said, "Go on! he's no Swede!" and Mrs. Bergstrom said, "O yes, many Swedes are dark. But," she said, "it's a great handicap to his career." And she explained that other diplomats were always suspicious of him because he didn't look like what he said he was.

"Well, well," said Mr. Pridge, "we can fix that." And he waved his hand and mumbled something and Mr. Bergstrom's hair turned pale yellow. "O," cried Mrs. Bergstrom, "look at that! why you have——" "Ssssh!" said Mr. Pridge, "don't call attention to it and nobody will notice." And indeed the miracle had passed unnoticed. Only one or two of the guests glanced in a puzzled way at Mr. Bergstrom and then away again. He just all at once looked really Swedish to them but they didn't know why. But Mrs. Bergstrom was pretty upset and Mr. Pridge had trouble quieting her. At last he told her that if she didn't act as if nothing had happened he would have to turn her husband dark again and then she kept quiet, but she looked so queer and frightened that everybody thought that Mr. Pridge must have pinched her. And Miss Wallaby frowned and said, "Really, Dan!" "Really what?" said Mr. Pridge, and Miss Wallaby said, "Well, last time you were here you didn't seem to know what to do with your hands and now they're apparently entirely out of control." "Don't be silly," said Mr. Pridge, "I just—well, I just did a little miracle for her." "Miracle!" exclaimed Miss Wallaby, "for goodness sake don't be *comic*."

The bishop had heard the word miracle. He was a large bald man with a nubbly face and he leaned forward and beamed on Mr. Pridge like a benignant potato. "You were speaking of miracles?" he asked. "Yes," said Miss Wallaby, "Mr. Pridge claims that he can work them." "Really?" said the bishop.

Mr. Pridge felt a pang of uncertainty at the thought of engaging in a trial of strength with so distinguished a member of the clergy and on his own ground too. Furtively, he turned one of the Wallaby family portraits on the opposite wall into a photograph of a fan dancer and then, reassured but blushing, he said, "Well, yes, I can do miracles, rather small ones."

"Really," said the bishop again, smiling, "well, I should be the last to contradict you, for we know nowadays that the miracle of to-day is the scientific fact of to-morrow and, indeed, there is scarcely one of the so-called miracles which does not, to-day, admit of a rational explanation. Nor does that make them any the less miraculous, mind you," he went on, "but rather more so, for beneath the rational explanation, as beneath all rational explanations, is a deeper mystery, as our scientists are at last beginning to find out. And this it is that takes the miracles out of the category of rather vulgar tricks and gives them a true, and I may almost say sanctified, dignity, so that they become mysteries instead of mystifications."

"How wisely you have said that bishop!" said Mr. Wallaby, tossing his mane. "For I have often had the same feeling about the miracles, though I should never have been able to put it so succinctly and I am going to ask your permission to quote those exact words in my volume on religion—*The Allness of the One*—which is to follow my volume on Philosophy—*The Oneness of the All*."

At this the bishop smiled and cleared his throat, but Mr. Pridge who felt the chance he had been waiting for was about to be blasted ere it could flower, also cleared his throat and said in a rather too loud voice, "I bet I can do a miracle that you can't get a rational explanation for." Everybody turned and stared and the bishop with a slight frown said suavely, "My dear young man, I admit the possibility. And any prestidigitateur can produce effects for which you and I could not at once find a rational explanation. And yet we know that there is one." And he turned again to Mr. Wallaby.

But Mr. Pridge was mad now. "O.K.," he said, "you asked for it." "Oh, shut *up*, Dan!" exclaimed Miss Wallaby, angrily, but Mr. Pridge raised his arm and pointed at the bishop's plate and mumbled. There was a quail on the plate and under the amazed eyes of the guests it fluttered its wings and then leaped up—head, feet and feathers complete—and ran about the table. And Mr. Pridge pointed his finger at the other plates in turn and the bird on each one came to life and they also ran pecking and whistling among the china. And what was most embarrassing for Mr. Wallaby, the birds on the plates of four of the least important guests turned out to be robins.

Well, everybody yelled and even the bishop leaped up and a Mrs. Tallentyne, who was prominent in the D.A.R. and was not very strong anyway, fainted and had to be fed brandy. But you can't beat a bishop. He spread his arms wide and in the voice which he used for reproving wayward curates he said, "Please, my friends, there is no cause for alarm." And when they calmed a little he said, "Pray be seated, this is most interesting. And even though he has deprived me of my dinner I must compliment my young friend on a very clever trick." And he bowed to Mr. Pridge.

"It's not a trick," said Mr. Pridge. He had the impulse to turn the bishop into a democrat but it seemed a rather too daring experiment and it wasn't part of his plan to frighten everybody out of their wits. However, he said, "If you still don't believe it perhaps you will suggest a miracle and I will perform it." "Please, Mr. Pridge, no more of this," said Mr. Wallaby, severely. "I assure you, bishop, that I had nothing to do with this and where those robins came from I can't imagine." "Probably out

(*please turn over*)

Mr. Lloyd George with Sir Henry Wilson on board a Channel steamer in War days

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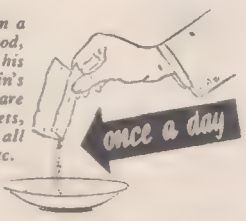

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of your garden," said Major Witherspoon who had drawn one of them. "But if you want to perform a miracle, young man, suppose that you provide me with a quail." So Mr. Pridge pointed his finger at the Major's plate and there was a quail roasted to a delicate golden brown and with a malicious smile at his host the Major began to eat it.

Then everybody at once began suggesting miracles and Mr. Pridge did them all. But when he turned Mr. Webley Shaw, the banker, into a white rabbit the bishop held up his hand. "My friends," he said, "I think we agree that this has gone far enough. We say that the age of miracles is past," he continued, "by which we mean that the age in which tricks can pass as supernatural feats is past. But while I affirm to you that the so-called miracles which this young man has shown to you are tricks and nothing more; yet since they now pass the bounds of the credible I can, as a Christian man, no longer give them my countenance. I call upon you, my friends, to put an end to this."

Well, everybody was pretty quiet all at once and looked fearfully at Mr. Pridge. And then, led by the bishop, they filed out of the dining-room. "Well, you're a swell guest!" said Miss Wallaby, "and I guess this about washes us up." "A sorry return for my hospitality," said Mr. Wallaby. "Please do me the favour of leaving at once."

Well, poor Mr. Pridge. For an hour he had had the respect and attention of the intellectuals, but then it had turned sour on him and they now regarded him with horror. And Miss Wallaby was probably lost to him for ever. True, there was that little Bergstrom girl—— But the old Pridge persistence still functioned and so next afternoon he went to the Wallaby house. And he was just being turned away from the door when Mr. Wallaby came up the steps.

"My dear young friend!" said Mr. Wallaby, rushing up and seizing Mr. Pridge's hand. "Eh?" said Mr. Pridge, staring. "Come in! come in!" said Mr. Wallaby, "I have been trying to get in touch with you." "Bu-bu-but——" said Mr. Pridge, but Mr. Wallaby dragged him into his study and gave him a cigar and apologised for his rude behaviour of the previous evening. "For," he said, "I was far from realising at the time the implications of the truly remarkable feats which you performed and I hope you will forgive me." So Mr. Pridge said yes he would, and Mr. Wallaby went on to say that he would like to learn how to produce similar effects himself. "That's not difficult," said Mr. Pridge, "only of course——" "Of course!" interrupted Mr. Wallaby, "I quite understand and whatever I can do in return——" "Well," said Mr. Pridge, "I want to marry your daughter and I want to be able to hold my own with her intellectual friends afterwards, and what can you do about that?" "I will use my influence with Lynn," said Mr. Wallaby, "and as for the rest, I assume that the appearance of being intellectual is what you wish? For, of course," he said, "I doubt if Lynn knows any really intellectual people."

Mr. Pridge was a little doubtful about that, but since it was only the appearance that he could hope for he said, "Yes," and then Mr. Wallaby said. "Well, all you need is to come to dinner tomorrow night and have me introduce you as an authority on something—let's say cuneiform inscriptions." "But I don't even know what they are," said Mr. Pridge. "You don't need to," said Mr. Wallaby, "for if I say you are an authority all these people will believe it, and none of them will dare to ask you anything about the subject because they don't know anything about it either and will be afraid to expose their ignorance." So they shook hands on it and Mr. Pridge gave Mr. Wallaby the address of the Institute. And then, as Miss Wallaby still wouldn't see him, he went home.

And there was the bishop. "My dear young friend!" said the bishop. "They said you would be home soon, so I waited." And then he embarked on a long discourse about how difficult it was nowadays for the Church to hold its people, and how even the clergy kept getting out of line and how the end justified the means, and in short, he wanted to know how to do just a few simple miracles for pulpit work. So Mr. Pridge gave the bishop the address of the Institute and in return the bishop promised to support his intellectual claims.

Well, that was just the beginning and before Mr. Pridge went to bed all the people who had been at the dinner party, except the Government employees who weren't interested in miracles but only in a continuance of the *status quo*, had the address of the Institute and Mr. Pridge had a dozen distinguished witnesses to his intellectual brilliance.

The next evening he dined at the Wallabys' again and everybody treated him with great respect and Miss Wallaby was much impressed, and when the bishop and two others who had been at the previous dinner dropped in later and greeted him effusively she asked him to go out in the garden. And she said, "Oh, Dan, I'm so sorry I acted so dreadfully to you! Do you still feel the same way about me?" Mr. Pridge started to say "Yes," and then he suddenly thought of the little Bergstrom girl and how appreciative she had been of his quite non-intellectual efforts, and he turned and looked at Miss Wallaby and said, "It would be a miracle if I did." And he said, "I know a better miracle to do than that." And he went in and got his hat.

When he got out in the street he mumbled a spell and sent Mr. Bergstrom to Tibet and then he went to call on Mrs. Bergstrom. "Oh, how do you do?" she said. "You're the man who works miracles." "Look," he said, "you and I understand each other and are you intellectual?" "Goodness, no," said Mrs. Bergstrom. "Well, I have just got the reputation of being intellectual," said Mr. Pridge, "but to hell with my reputation, I want to marry you." "Ha, ha," said Mrs. Bergstrom "it will be a miracle if you do for I already have a husband." "How do you know?" said Mr. Pridge. "Well he was around this morning" said Mrs. Bergstrom, and then she looked at him slyly and said, "Of course, if he doesn't come back——" "Think no more about it," said Mr. Pridge.

So after a suitable interval they were married and one of the wedding guests was Mr. Satanovich. When he had kissed the bride, Mr. Satanovich took out a document and handed it to Mr. Pridge. And it was Mr. Pridge's contract. "I return this," he said, "because you brought us ten new clients." "Oh," said Mr. Pridge, "you needn't have bothered." "You may be glad that I did," said Mr. Satanovich and he handed Mr. Pridge a clipping from *The Times*. It was an account of the sudden death of Bishop Murgatroyd and Mr. Pridge said, "Well, for heaven's sake!" and then he read a little further and said, "Well, for heaven's sake!" For the bishop had died all right, but not in the odour of sanctity as the reporters had discovered, but in a strong smell of brimstone; and another funny thing was, the bishop's contract with the Institute had been marked *Paid in Full* in red ink and placed, no one knew how or when, on the bishop's breast.

"You may remember Clause B2 in the contract," said Mr. Satanovich gently. "Why, it's like that German poem—" said Mr. Pridge, shivering slightly. "Faust," agreed Mr. Satanovich. "Yes, essentially. Except," he said, "that we now reach our clientele more easily by modern methods—advertising and the appeal to vanity in the masses and so on." "See here," said Mr. Pridge, "who the devil are you?" Mr. Satanovich chuckled. "Exactly!" he said, and vanished.

Well, Mr. Pridge sort of lost his taste for miracles after that and would never do them any more even to amuse the children, of which he had one of each. His marriage was a success, as such things go; nor did he regret the intellectual society upon which he had turned his back in walking out on Miss Wallaby, for his wife was related to a great many smart and titled people whose conversation was even duller than that of the Wallaby group, but the things they did were more amusing. And when he died he definitely and finally passed on to a place even higher and duller than the intellectual. For he went to heaven, while Mr. Wallaby and the bishop and their friends were all carried off by Mr. Satanovich to hell.

"I hope you don't mind—I'm a bit scared of the dark."

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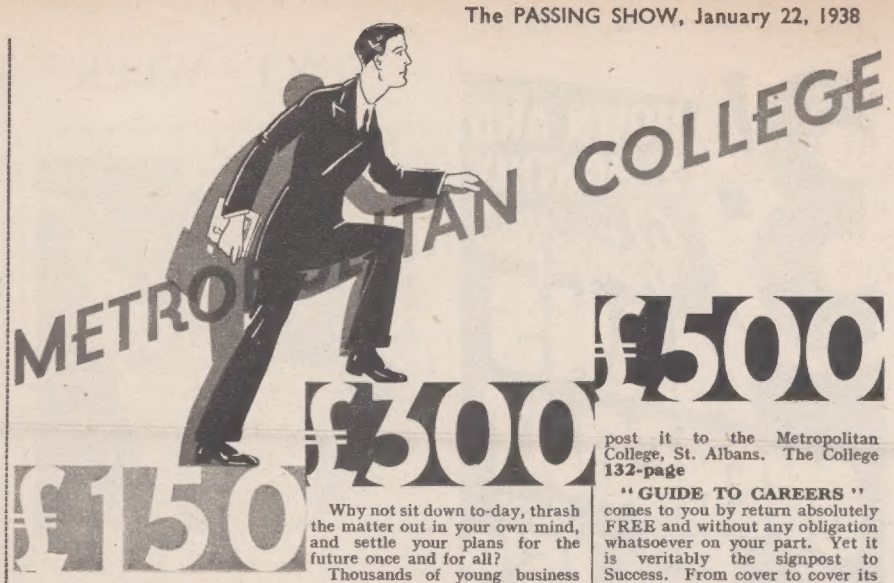

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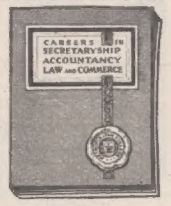

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour.

The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

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stop it!

Your Nails are the index to your Character

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK! Amazing Discovery, Which Transforms Bitten, Disfigured Nails into Glorious Filberts in 7 Days! Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can quickly, secretly, and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *"Your treatment has completely cured me after being addicted for 20 years."* Write for the free explanatory booklet NOW enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

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P.S., 22/1/38

The 'HALO' P.3 IS ADJUSTABLE AND FITS ANY HEAD

That is why the P.3 chin-strap-less sleeping cap fits perfectly. It opens out flat and is laid on the head without disturbing curls or waves. Lightly drawn elastic straps are brought round from the back and loop over small buttons on the forehead band. There are no ties or ribbons, yet the cap cannot come off because of the patent wig-fitting design.

In strong art. silk, 1/6; or fancy designs, 1/11. 6 pastel shades. From Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers or Boots. If any difficulty, write to

HALO P-3 SLEEPING CAP
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Removed by Electrolysis at Home

No need now to pay expensive fees for Electrolysis, the only permanent treatment. Any lady can use genuine Electrolysis, the method of World-famous Beauty Salons, with a VANDRE HOME ELECTROLYSIS OUTFIT in privacy at home. No chemicals, no discomfort; it leaves the skin clear and lovely, revealing unrealised beauty of skin and profile with disfiguring hairs and moles gone for ever. It has never failed. Guaranteed, and so simple a child could use it. Complete, ready for use, £4 4*s*. 0*d*. or 10*s*. monthly. Trial Free. Full particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRE, Ltd. (Dept. 71), 189, Pitt St., Glasgow

3/- DOWN AND 2/- MONTHLY Brings this MAN'S OVERCOAT for 15/9

35/- VALUE FOR ONLY 15/9

3/- DOWN 2/- MONTHLY

THREE DISTINCTIVE PATTERNS TO CHOOSE FROM

You can have this smartest and warmest winter-weight Overcoat right now for only **3/-** down on Ward's famous Monthly Thrift Plan. **Closely woven, firm-textured, heavy-weight Tweed,** guaranteed for long wear. Choice of three distinctive patterns in handsome shades of Autumn Heather Brown, London Tan, Banker Grey or Dark Grey. Double-breasted Model with either belted or plain back. Chest Sizes: 34 to 44 inches.
Order Special Offer No. C40/L4503 On Approval for free examination, and buy only when absolutely convinced by comparison that this Overcoat is the equal of any 30/- to 35/- Coat being sold at cash price in the biggest stores. If you are thoroughly delighted, pay only **2/-** monthly.

NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT

MARSHALL WARD WEMBLEY LONDON

PIN 3/- P.O. TO COUPON

To MARSHALL WARD, LTD. (Dept. P.S.), Wembley, London.
I enclose 3/- for Special Overcoat Offer No. C40/L4503 to be sent to me On Approval. If I return same, you are to refund my full postal order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise, I will pay 2/- each month until your special price of 15/9, plus 9d. postage, is paid.

Chest Measure................Height..............

Pattern No. ....Colour.................

Half Belt....................Plain Back.............
(Place tick for style required)

NAME { Husband.............................
Wife.............................
(State first and last names in full) }

ADDRESS.......................................

Town.......................... County ....

Occupation.......................................

Have you bought from us before?............(37) 22/1/38
This offer applies only in England, Scotland and Wales

NEXT WEEK

IMAGINE what happened when a £20,000 football "pools" prize went to Ward 12c of the Royal Edward Hospital, where dwelt thirty old men who, as far as human judgment could tell, would never again be able to cope with the tide of human affairs in the outside world! And then picture the misery that followed when the prize was stolen just before it was handed to one of these doomed men.

Only that popular, red-headed almoner, Molly O'Rourke. could deal with such a situation, fraught as it was with anger and disappointment.

It was Molly who was robbed of the money while carrying it to the hospital; it was she who avenged the men of the "doomed battalion." And Frank King tells the story with all the mastery with which he usually handles such a situation. "Robbery With Malice Aforethought" has all the elements of great drama.

LARS MOEN, globe-trotting Norwegian-American cinema technician and writer, continues his story of the human side of modern Moscow, where he has worked for five years in the film studios, producing, experimenting, and even writing criticisms for newspapers of films produced in his studios.

"And did I roast 'em," he said, when telling us of his days as a critic.

His second article, describing the everyday life of the average Russian has some surprises for those who somehow still cherish the belief that Russia is a grim, puritanical land where there is time for nothing except politics, work—and executions!

EPHRAIM, the horse that so faithfully and nobly pulls the caravan, wherein Father Francis and Brother Longshanks are undertaking a winter pilgrimage, has a secret sorrow that is revealed in a surprising way in Francis Foster's story of the latest adventure of these jolly wanderers.

AND there are other stories by B. L. Jacot, Gilbert Horsler, S. L. Bensusan, and Hedley Barker.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss

FOR quite a long time—ever since nurse told us about Nero's wife playing with fire while Rome burned, in fact—we have been trying to catch up with the red-hot momma so beloved of crooners. We felt that there would come a day when we would be able—figuratively speaking, of course—to examine the red-hot momma situation with such scholarship and dignity that posterity would know this symbol of our civilisation to be something more than a woman of curves, whose principal diet was hot-cha. And we have been rewarded.

Miss Theodora Trevanion has written to us from her retreat at St. Ives, in Cornwall, to say that even in the coldest weather she keeps warm by letting her imagination run riot. "Outwardly I look a stolid, pig-headed piece of goods," she says, "but appearances are deceptive. Actually I have a heart of fire; a brain like a searing flame. My thoughts control my temperature, irrespective of weather conditions.

"I see myself tearing across the moors on horseback; and do I get all het up! Really, I can't even ride, but that makes no difference. Perhaps I am running away from the villain, my toes curling up in my shoes like sizzling hairs. Yet I contrive to keep a calm, sphinx-like exterior while my blood boils.

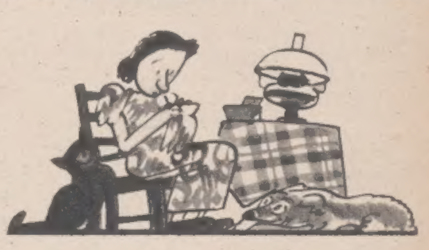
"So what price asbestos suits, for I am the complete human blast furnace with all the etceteras thrown in. . . ." You're telling us! If we had any asbestos paper, we'd probably write to Miss Theodora (Red Hot) Trevanion to ask what fuel she uses as food for thought; but, as she seems to contribute more heat than light

to any discussion, it doesn't seem wise to turn her from a bright cheering flame into a conflagration.

ALL this reminds us of Mr. C. R. Warren, of Middlesbrough, Yorks, who seems to be in a pretty bad way because some young woman has treated him as though he were a man of high principle and no interest.

"Women insist that all men are selfish," he says, "but, after the bitter experience of being jilted for the second time, I know that the boot is on the other foot. Women are always striving to get something for nothing, and if they are thwarted they soon show their claws. The modern girl is out for the best possible catch in the marriage market, and is quite ready to drop a poor suitor by the wayside if a better prospect looms in the offing.

"There's a lot of talk these days about shy, home-loving girls standing little chance of securing a husband when there



are so many gold-diggers about. The only shy and home-loving girls you find nowadays are plain and unattractive, and spend their time cursing fate or the beauty expert for not making them look like Garbo. If they had good looks, they also would be able to pick and choose like their hard-boiled sisters. That's all that worries 'em."

And so it goes on until we feel quite upset at seeing the poor fellow working himself into a lather because he has found a pair of stuffed silk stockings with feet of clay.

"Beer's my hobby," said Uncle Joe, "but I do think you ought to put that fellow wise to the fact that there are still sweet-natured, home-loving girls left in the world, despite the fact that most of them are already married. Now look at Aunt Agatha and then there's that girl who wrote from Africa . . ."

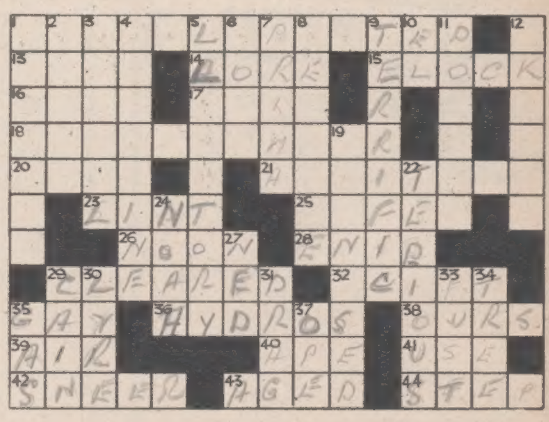
Writing from Mlangi, Nyasaland, and signing herself Lizzie 'Opkins, the girl to whom Uncle Joe referred—he's always reading our post—made short work of the beliefs of those tough novelists who send girls east of Suez when they can't think of something original.

"I left England for Nyasaland, after having always worked for my living, to marry a man I'd never seen," she says. "No, he didn't turn out to be a waster or a bigamist. We have a brick bungalow on a tobacco and coffee plantation, and a tin lizzie, too, but that's about as far as my story squares with the romances of the novelists. They say a white woman can't work in the tropics. They should see me!

"We manage to pay one small boy to look after the wood and water, and I do the rest. Doesn't sound much until you know there are no taps, no sinks, no gadgets of any kind. . . . Still, are we happy? I'll say we are."

And even if that doesn't make Mr. Warren just a little more hopeful, it will at least give Somerset Maugham something to think about. May even make him write another play about White Missie in Tropics, with rain, gadgets, etc., laid on free of charge.

For Your Amusement

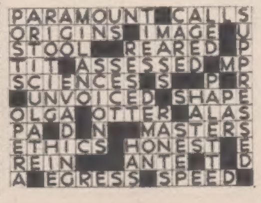


CLUES ACROSS

1. Transformed.
13. Warwickshire stream.
14. Learning of role.
15. Birds of fine feathers do this.
16. Worked glass.
17. Glad or joyful.
18. Cannot be divided.
20. Agitate.
21. To support.
23. Used for dressing.
25. Otherwise knobs.
26. Two negatives tail to tail for middle period.
28. Dine if you prefer, but a lady as it stands.
29. Obstructions removed.
32. Person of low intelligence.
35. In lively mood.
36. Watering places.
38. Belongs to you and me.
39. Necessity of life.
40. An imitator.
41. Put to a purpose.
42. Unpleasant expression.
43. Perhaps three score and ten or more.
44. Let it remain.

CLUES DOWN

1. Tinker's malediction for instance.
2. Something happens here.
3. Sticks in the throat.
4. With attributes of a goose.
5. Scent works we might say.
6. Animal in 19 might do this.
7. I in a pram for King of Troy.
8. Plant obviously not good for poultry.
9. This is mighty grand.
10. May mar speech delivery.
11. The Nile has one.
12. Brought to nothing.
19. Made great fuss of a person.
22. This is very tiresome.
24. Biblical cruiser.
27. This boy may be an ass.
29. Son of Adam.
30. This for music.
31. Move slowly and heavily.
33. Put out.
34. Not necessarily in the forest.
35. Atmospheric stuff.
37. Thus to pen this is poets' privilege (hidden).



Solution to last week's puzzle

P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 22-1-38

B 225 | 579

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A89

BAD LEGS

LEG ULCERS & WOUNDS

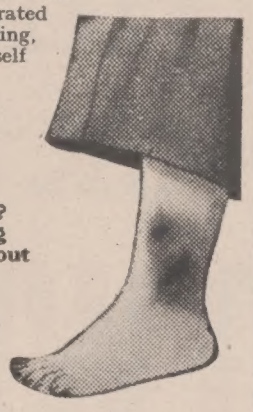
THERE are scores of so-called leg remedies, but there is only one Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. See that you get it. Your bad leg is too serious a matter, too painful a complaint, too great a handicap, to be trifled with. Make sure that you get the right treatment. Little "bits" of this and "bits" of that will never heal your Bad Leg. You must do the thing thoroughly and have proper and correct treatment for your leg prepared specially for your own case by those who know how to make your leg sound and well. Many thousands of Bad Leg sufferers have had their legs made sound and well by the Tremol Treatment and hundreds are being cured to-day. The Tremol specialists have devoted their lives to the cure of Wounds and Ulcers and Eczema of the legs. They are experts in leg complaints. They are ready and willing now to heal your Bad Leg straight away if you will write and allow them to do this service for you.

HAVE DONE WITH THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG

At best that wound is a daily worry and nuisance. At the worst it is terrible to you in its agonising pain and irritation. If allowed to go on it will make you a cripple for life. Besides, there is the risk of burst veins, and blood poisoning ever present with a wound or ulcerated leg.

Write to-day to the address below. Give the word now and banish for ever your leg trouble. It does not matter where you live. From Land's End to John o' Groats the Treatment cures—in your own home—by your own fireside. Your age matters not—the Treatment cures Bad Legs at all ages. You may have tried twenty other remedies—that fact counts for nothing. Thousands upon thousands have been cured under Tremol Treatment and they have all tried plenty of other remedies before being cured by Tremol. No matter where you have been or what you have tried this Treatment is certain in its results and will bring about your complete recovery. **All pain is quickly banished. All inflammation dies away, all swelling subsides, your leg becomes soundly healed and your future health and strength is vastly improved.**

Suffer no more pain and waste no more time. Fill in the Coupon below and send it to The National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester. You will then receive a free illustrated Book which explains everything, and commence to cure yourself in your own home.



Is there an open wound?
Is your leg ulcerated?
Is the ulcer inflamed?
Does the wound discharge?
Does the ulcer form scale?
Is the wound getting larger?
Have you had false healing with the ulcer breaking out again?

If you suffer from any of these leg ulcer troubles, write to-day. It will be your first step towards recovery.

LEG ECZEMA

ITCHING, DRY AND WEEPING

VARICOSE leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itchy. At other times it is raw, inflamed, and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all around the ankle. Both forms of complaint are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The "bit of this and that" is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema, and the results to the chronic sufferer are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation is rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away, and a clean, natural healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint, write at once to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured to stay cured.

VARICOSE VEINS

THE dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Haemorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are :—

(1) Simple Dilatation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilatation in All directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operations, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because, unfortunately, the hopes based upon injection Treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the Treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration, and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractible power. Under Tremol Treatment, the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, clots become absorbed, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of variosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Booklet now, which tells you all about your Varicose Veins. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS

WHAT do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly. They may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison, which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book, which tells you how to cure your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon below and send to-day.

ECZEMA AND SKIN ERUPTIONS

SPECIAL Treatment is prescribed to suit each case of Eczema and skin eruptions. Chronic Eczema is conquered, disfiguring face eruptions vanish, itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Read these questions :—

(1) Do you suffer from Psoriasis? (2) Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back? (3) Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp? (4) Is there dreadful Itchiness? (5) Have you Boils or Abscesses? (6) Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous? (7) Are the hands or feet affected? Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?

If you suffer from any of these skin troubles write at once to the National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, for the free illustrated publication, and get your skin trouble cured straight away. Fill in the coupon below.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

PSORIASIS you must attack the trouble at once. As the result of years of research and practical daily experience a grand Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady. This Treatment for Psoriasis has given and is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of former and present sufferers. The results are truly astonishing. Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body soon fade away under this Treatment, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have. The scurf, red patches and matted scales on your head quickly subside and a beautifully clear scalp, with healthy hair, is your reward.

Fill in the Coupon below and send it to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, for the free illustrated publication which explains everything. You will be gratified by the results achieved by the treatment.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts says of the Tremol Treatment :—

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed, and are entitled to all recognition of their success." Therefore write for the book at once.

Under the Tremol Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

A limited number of copies of this interesting book with full particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS, ECZEMA OR SKIN DISEASE, PSORIASIS, VARICOSE VEINS OR PILES, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the book. If your case is a curable one, the book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward P.V., 208 Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON Ward P.V.

ADDRESS :—National College, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, Please send valuable book and all particulars of treatment free of charge.

Name.....
(Mr. Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

.....

State Complaint .....

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Keep up to the mark on SHREDDED WHEAT

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